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MAGAZINE

Friday, December 16, 1983

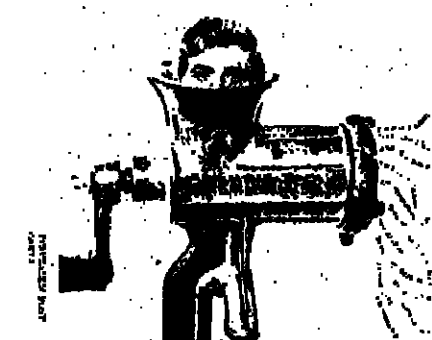


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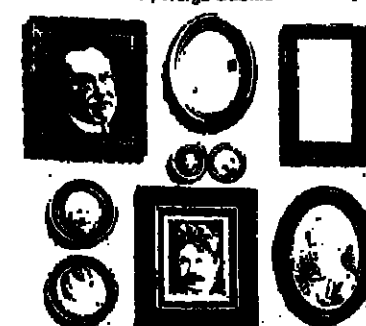
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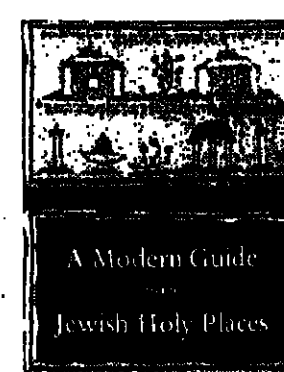


WITH PREJUDICE
by Alex Berlyne
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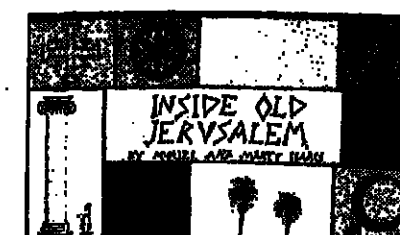
STREET PEOPLE



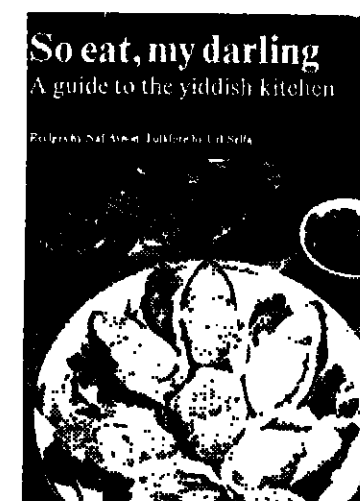
STREET PEOPLE
By Helga Dudman
The stories behind the names of Israel's main streets. Learn about Dizengoff, Nordau, Tchernicowsky, George Eliot, and many more, in this entertaining volume. Published by Carta and The Jerusalem Post. 200 pages, hardcover, illustrated.
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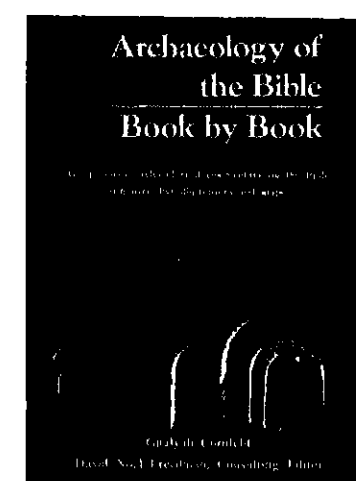
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The Jerusalem Post Family Library

In this issue



On the cover, 'America' welcomes Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe, in a sticker produced for the Hebrew Publishing Co. of New York in 1909. From a new show at the Israel Museum's Youth Wing. (See Page 8).

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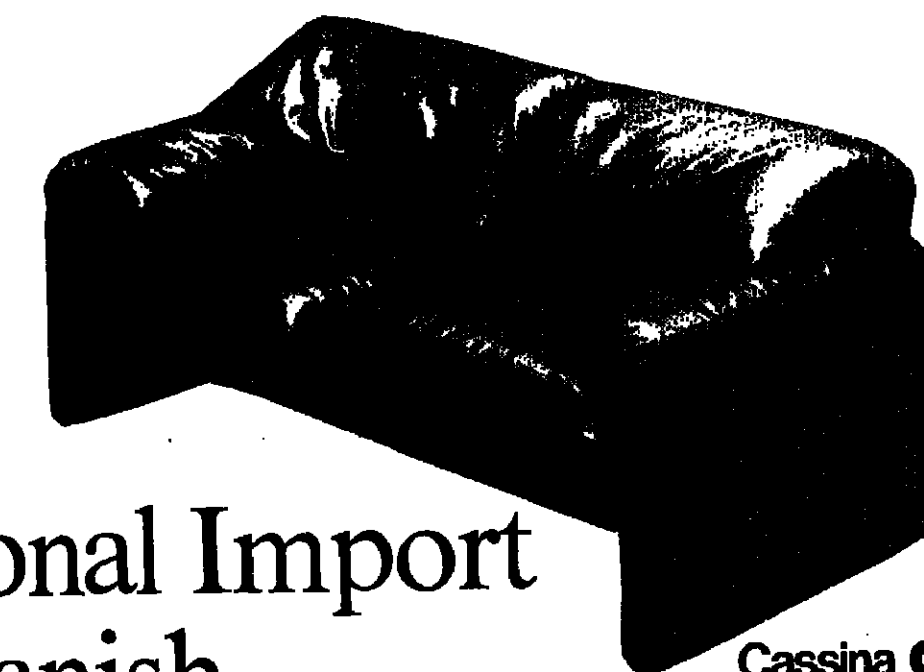
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THE FOUR YEAR/MECHINA PROGRAMME February 1984

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Classes commence on February 13, 1984 and continue until the end of August. Those interested are requested to apply to the following office:
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Kfar Shmaryahu, Kfar Shmaryahu Shopping Centre.
BEERSHEVA, 4, Hebron Road.
ELAT, Mor Centre.

FORMER prime minister Menachem Begin, who emerged last weekend from over 100 days of self-imposed seclusion in the premier's official residence, was not the only leading political figure in Israel to keep himself virtually incommunicado.

On the opposition side of the fence, former president Yitzhak Navon, true to his word that he would not re-enter active party politics for an unspecified cooling-off period, has also consciously hidden himself from the glare of the media during the seven months since he left Beit Hanassi. True, he did emerge for a series of interviews and public appearances a month ago, but that was only for the 10th anniversary commemoration of the death of his mentor, David Ben-Gurion, whose political secretary he had been. Then he retreated again into his cocoon.

If Navon himself is silent, there is low-level but persistent activity in the Labour Party behind his candidacy for the party leadership, although it is almost all being conducted behind the scenes.

An interim situation report on the state of that candidacy would read as follows:

There is widespread disillusion throughout the party with the leadership of Chairman Shimon Peres. It is based primarily on a palpable fear of entering another election campaign with Peres as the party's standard-bearer. In the cynical, post-ideological 1980s, many Labour politicians have come to perceive Peres primarily as "a two-time loser."

In Israel's short political history, Begin led his Herut Party and the Gahal and Likud coalitions to defeat eight times before finally making it into the prime minister's residence on the ninth try in 1977.

The man under whose leadership Israel was founded in 1948, Mapai's David Ben-Gurion, set his sights on winning an absolute majority, and by this standard led his party to electoral failure five times. In his single attempt to break away and form his own smaller party, Rafti, Ben-Gurion went down to ignominious defeat in 1965.

Yet no one would have dared speak openly of either Begin or Ben-Gurion as losers.

Peres' followers do speak openly of him in such terms. They admit that the Likud has succeeded in its campaign of character assassination.

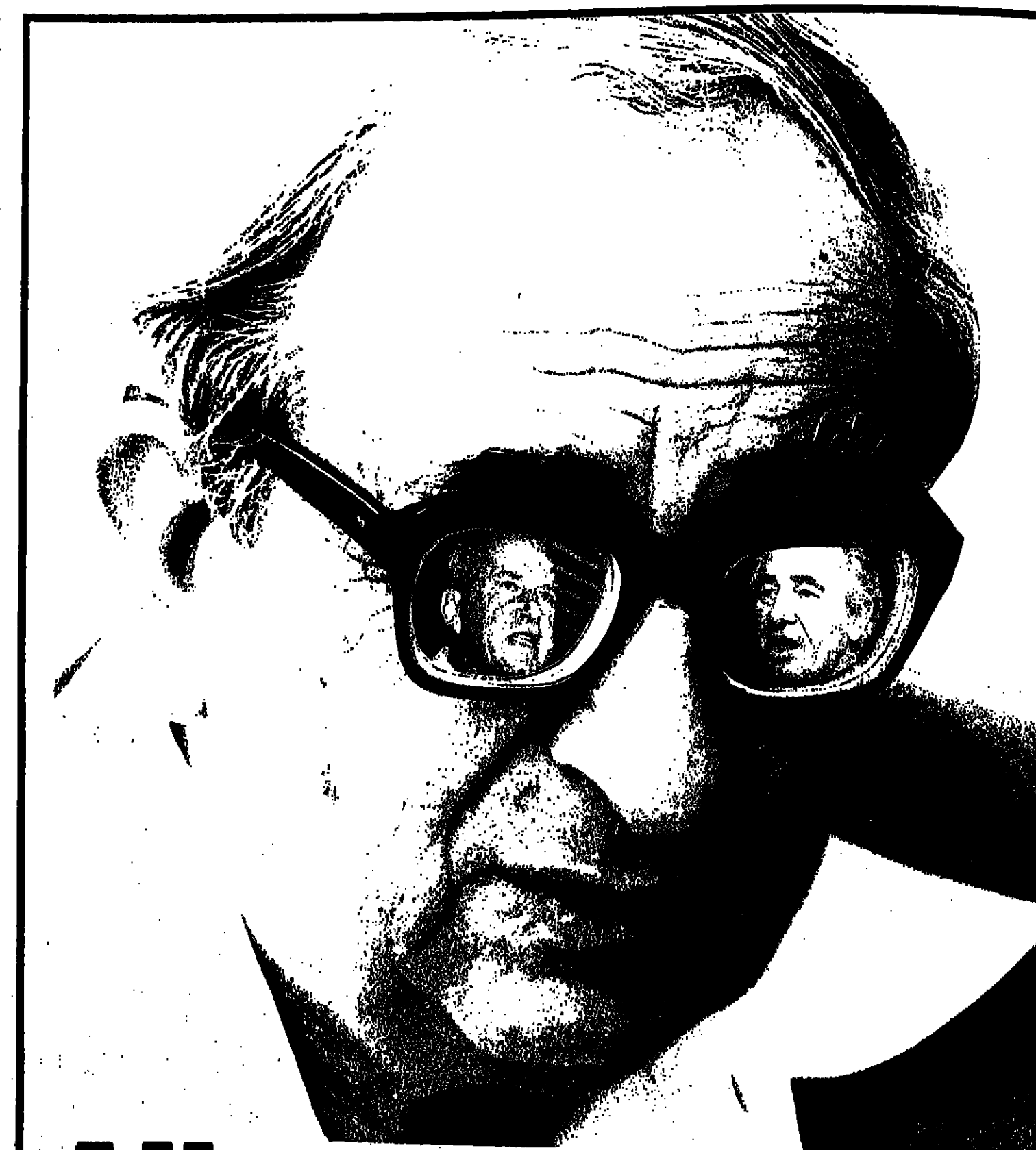
"It isn't fair, but they've succeeded in blemishing his name and burning him in the eyes of a good part of the electorate," one party leader, who is considered to be in the Peres camp, admitted to me.

Another, who is considered to be wavering between Peres and Navon, said:

"The thing that has so many of us so scared is the thought that we may lose to the Likud a third time. If that happens, the Likud may well become entrenched in voters' minds as the natural ruling party, much like the position Mapai and Labour held in the public mind for 29 years prior to 1977."

Others speak of Peres' loss of credibility in the eyes of many voters. One expanded on this point: "Yitzhak Rabin's vendetta against Peres is public knowledge. And still, in his last appearance on television's *Moked*, Peres tried to create the impression that Rabin's hostility was of no great importance and that he did not reciprocate it. He intimated that he could work with Rabin in any government under his own leadership.

"The public simply doesn't buy



All eyes on Navon

Yitzhak Navon's seven months of self-imposed silence have not stilled the voices of those who hope he will some day seek Labour Party and national leadership. But much of the activity on behalf of the ex-president is being conducted behind the scenes. The Post's YOSEF GOELL reports.

such a message. Many are afraid that a Peres government which included Rabin would be the victim of even more in-fighting and paralysis than informed the Rabin-Peres cabinet of 1974-77; and would possibly be worse than the in-fighting which plagued the Begin governments.

NEARLY ALL the party leaders I spoke with admitted that Peres would make "a very good to excellent" prime minister. Their doubts are in regard to his electoral chances.

"The impressive thing about

Peres, besides his nearly unmatched background in defence and defence-linked foreign policy, is that he's full of ideas," one self-identified Navon supporter told me. "In contrast to Rabin's skill as an analyst of the past and present, Peres is marked by a breadth of vision in regard to the future. Out of every five ideas he has, only one would be practicable, but his ability to think big is very refreshing. But what is all that worth when he can't get himself or the party elected?"

THE SECOND aspect of the situation report we are presenting here is

that these comments by a cross-section of party leaders were all made with the caveat, "not for attribution."

Uzi Baram MK, the secretary of the Jerusalem branch of Labour is almost the only party leader of that level who has come out clearly in favour of Navon. Others are said to be wavering. But not one is ready to go on the record.

Those who are ready to go on the record are lower-level members of the party's 1,000-strong central committee, who are not personally involved in the internal competition for elective or appointive office,

and thus have nothing to lose by taking sides. The most notable name among these is the 70-year-old Sa'adia Gelb of Kibbutz Kfar Blum, and even he told us:

"I'm all for Navon and am ready to explain, at length, why. But don't identify me as the head of the Navon camp. I've spoken to him, mainly to satisfy my own feelings about him, in regard both to his ability to lead the party to victory and to the sort of prime minister he would make. I'm more than satisfied on both scores.

"But Navon has certainly not

he told me to stop campaigning for him. It's primarily a matter of persuading the party that there is simply no alternative to Navon at this time.

"I'm sure he'll get the nomination. But it's equally important that he get it as an expression of party-wide consensus and not as the result of an all-out fight within the party. What we're engaged in is in organizing what the Americans call a 'draft movement.'"

THE THIRD point to make is that only three names are being mentioned in the competition for the party leadership: Peres, Rabin and Navon. Former IDF chief of staff Mordechai Gur has made no secret of the fact that he considers himself a candidate for the chairmanship of the party and for the premiership at some time in the future. But no one else is taking him seriously at this time.

Rabin, who won two votes against Peres in the central committee and the party conference in 1974 and 1977, and then went on to lose to Peres after having previously handed over the leadership to him on the eve of the 1977 electoral debacle, is viewed largely as a spoiler. His major intention is seen as denying Peres the premiership rather than winning it for himself.

The Rabin camp's major argument in the competition is that in the periodic public opinion polls, he has consistently come out ahead of Peres in popularity. Opponents claim that this image is misleading; that many of those who tell the pollsters that they prefer Rabin to Peres are actually convinced Likud voters who would never vote for Labour, regardless of who headed its list.

Nearly all the party men I spoke to agreed that while Rabin may succeed in his determined effort to deny Peres the premiership, there was little chance of his being selected again to head Labour. The feeling is that Rabin is too hawkish for the majority of the party and that he has gone out of his way to praise the Likud governments when he felt they deserved it, rather than adhering to the all-out opposition line. This posture may be part of the reason for Rabin's general popularity, but it has not earned him any points with the party regulars who will be the ones to choose the leader.

Neither has his spoiler role. It is felt that the broadside attack on Peres which was a central feature of Rabin's autobiography also rebounded to the party's discredit and fanned the popular fears of a paralysed government if ever Labour were to form one again.

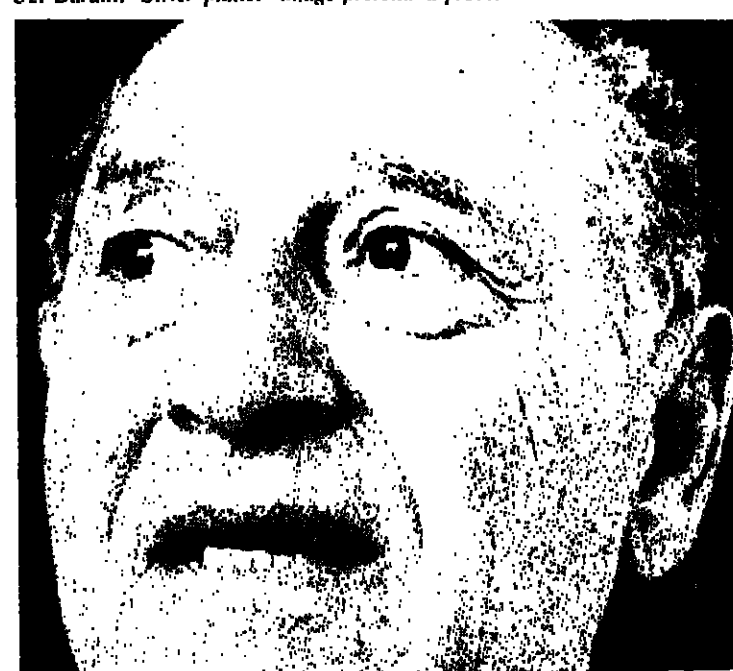
There is also a broad consensus that while Rabin was a so-so premier, he was very much a failure as the leader of the party; and party functionaries are not enamoured of the idea of returning to work under a Rabin leadership.

EARLIER this year there were reports that Peres would eventually come out in support of Navon, once he became convinced that he himself could not lead Labour to victory and in order to foil a possible Rabin candidacy. Many of the Labour politicians I spoke to in the past two weeks, apparently under the impact of whatever has leaked from a recent meeting between Peres and Navon, now believe that the situation is different.

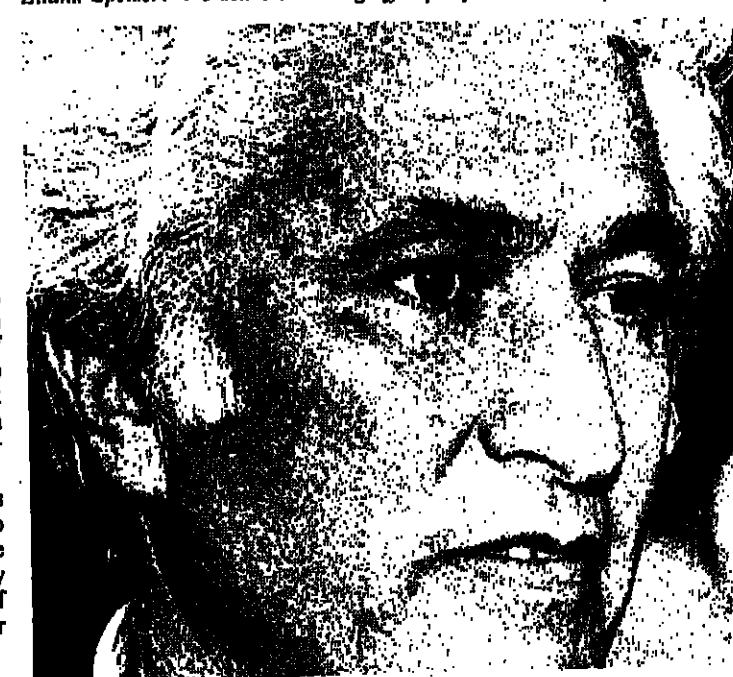
"Peres is today the one who is standing in the way of a Draft Navon movement," I was told. "He knows that his chances of leading the party to victory in an election



Uzi Baram: 'Silver platter' image presents a problem.



Sa'adia Gelb: Organizing that Americans call 'a draft movement.' (Below) Elihu Speiser: 'No sense in setting off a party civil war.'



are slim; but he believes that he can still pull off the defection of a sufficient number of supporters from the Likud coalition government to make an alternative Labour-led coalition a real possibility without the need for new elections.

These Labour politicians are also convinced that Peres is eager to enter a government of national unity under the Likud's Yitzhak Shamir. They understand why Shamir should be interested, and why Peres is clutching at such a straw. But they are equally convinced that there is no possibility of the party's agreeing to such a step.

While all are agreed that Peres is today the main stumbling-block to an early consummation of a Navon draft, there are those who believe that Rabin may come around to supporting Navon as long as he is convinced that Navon is not serving as a stalking-horse for Peres.

THE MAIN explanation for the desultory pace at which the competition for the Labour Party chairmanship is proceeding is that most party leaders are still prepared to give Peres another chance at wooing minority support away from the Likud coalition.

Similar attempts have not worked for the year and more during which they have been attempted since the defections of Yitzhak Peretz and Annon Linn from the Likud to Labour. Predictions that several disaffected Liberals were ready to bolt to a Labour coalition, and that Peres had Avraham Shapira's promise to lead Agudat Yisrael into a coalition with Labour in his pocket, or that Tami was also teetering in that direction, have so far not materialized.

Hope for such switches still burns bright in Peres's breast, but other Labour politicians are less sanguine, although they haven't given up hope completely. The expectation is that if the already palpable tremors set off by the deteriorating economic situation don't do the trick in a few months at most, there will have to be a general reassessment. Which brings us back to the Navon candidacy and to the question of what sort of premier he would make if elected at the head of a successful Labour list.

IT COMES as a surprise that it is so difficult to answer that question in regard to a man who has been in the limelight of national politics for 30 years. The arguments against him adduced by opponents or by those who are hesitant about making the leap to such an "unknown" are all of a piece: "He's too soft; too nice; not forceful enough; not dirty or nasty enough."

"What a wonderful recommendation for a prime minister," replies Sa'adia Gelb.

What is really meant by this characterization, however, is that perhaps Navon doesn't have the steel in his make-up that is required not only to lead the nation, but to dominate the other politicians at cabinet and Knesset level. Evidence adduced to back up this "no guts" argument is Navon's unwillingness to fight for the nomination.

"Can a man who wants to get the top post on a silver platter make a good prime minister?" is what some are asking and many are thinking.

Gelb explains that Navon is extremely loath to fight Peres, who is a close friend. But Gelb's own researches have convinced him that Navon can be quite forceful when he wants.

Uzi Baram admits that there is a problem with the "silver platter" image, but is convinced that Navon will fight for the post if and when the need arises.

Baram ascribes Navon's reluctance to his conviction that an all-out intra-party fight would leave behind deep scars that would be detrimental to a party effort to fight an election against the Likud.

Others who know Navon are concerned by his Hamlet-like inability to decide whether or not he wants the position and at what price. Baram readily admits that Navon was not the one who initiated the idea of his standing for premier. His trepidation derives from his memories and perceptions of the post from the time when he worked as Ben-Gurion's aide. "It's enough to give anyone second thoughts."

Thoughtful Navon supporters admit that the question as to whether he would be able to dominate the top men in his party, from whom his ministers would be chosen, is a legitimate one. They add, however, that a Navon who would be head of his party would also have no little say in the choice of those ministers, and that could create a new situation.

Which is an understandable cause of concern for some Labour politicians.

A second argument against Navon concerns his lack of executive experience. Supporters parry this by noting that "it misconstrues what being prime minister is all about. He's not a candidate for director-general of this or that."

The Navon persona that is being built up is that of "the great conciliator," and "the great healer of the nation's wounds." Navon supporters are unanimous about his proven ability to find common ground among divergent and antagonistic groups. They are unanimous, too, about the need for a leader exactly like Navon to heal the increasing rifts of the past decade between religious and secular Israelis, and between the divergent ethnic groups, and the need to find a *modus vivendi* with Israel's Arab and Druse minorities.

A FINAL argument that is heard against Navon is that he is too dovish on various aspects of the Arab-Israeli dispute, and therefore removed from the mainstream party consensus.

To which Baram retorts: "Ever since becoming president five-and-a-half years ago, Navon has not expressed his opinions in public. But anyone who has spoken to him in recent years knows that his positions are not far from those of Peres." (Which brings up the problem of what Peres's real positions are.)

Baram also holds that Navon reflects the party consensus "in that he succeeds in highlighting the contrast with the Likud without going to dovish extremes."

The impression garnered from a sizeable number of conversations is that these are not the considerations that will guide the Labour politicians when they finally feel pressed to make up their minds. The main, if not the only, question then will be that of "electability."

Those who are already quite sold on Navon cite findings of pollsters such as Hamech Smith who conclude that a Labour list headed by Navon would stand a better chance than one with any other leader of beating the Likud. Others, who are less enamoured of the former president cite other pollsters' conclusions that the political reality is so volatile and the floating vote potentially so large that the identity of the winner of the next elections will be determined primarily by the circumstances prevailing at the time. In the latter view, it will make little difference who heads the successful list.

A real working Labour politician, Elihu Speiser MK, secretary of the Tel Aviv branch of the party, put the same thought to me in different words:

"There is no sense in setting off an internal civil war in the party at the present time when there is reasonable hope that a consensus candidate will develop before it is time to go to the polls again. Much will depend on the circumstances of the Likud's fall, and they may well determine our choice of candidate. The main criterion then will be who can bring us victory. It may be that the Likud will be so weakened that even a scarecrow could beat them."

Uzi Baram has made up his mind. But the other political brokers of Labour, like Speiser, and the leaders of the party's United Kibbutz Movement, have clearly not.

Whether Navon will make it or not, and whether he will make it without a fight, "on a silver platter," will be determined by the side of the fence on which these politicians land when they finally decide to jump.

ON April 25, 1982, the national anniversary of the deportation of Jews from France, I published an article on French history textbooks in *Le Monde*, criticizing the way they ignored the Vichy police role in the Final Solution. Thus the fundamental facts were not inscribed in the collective French mind: the numbers of victims of the deportation, the details of their stay in the camps in the Free Zone, the dates of the roundups and the principal measures of persecution, the mass participation of the Vichy regime in the hunt for Jews in both zones.

By minutely compiling an inventory of the insufficiencies and lacunae of the textbooks, I was able to show how, since the Liberation, their authors consciously manipulated and distorted their presentation of events to lead the schoolchildren into believing that the anti-Jewish operations were implemented by the Germans alone. Post-war France continued to deny, until 1982, the part played by the French authorities in the murder of 80,000 of their Jewish countrymen.

In the '50s, Alain Resnais's film *Night and Fog* was banned until the shot of a French policeman surveying the camp of Gurs was excised.

At the conclusion of my inquiry, I expressed the following wish: "Soon the secondary-school textbooks are to be revised. We hope that from now on they will explain precisely to French youth what happened to the Jews of France between 1940-1944. We will strive to ensure that our wish becomes a practical reality."

In order to assist the editors of the textbooks and get them to take into account the events as they occurred, neither concealing nor diminishing Vichy's active role in this tragedy, our association, the Sons and Daughters of the Deported Jews of France, made contact with them and provided exact documentation, especially the *Memorial to the Deported Jews of France* (published by the Beate Klarsfeld Foundation).

To the great anger of the supporters of Vichy, we affirm that the surrender by Laval of thousands of Jewish children to the SS was "the blackest page in the history of France." However, no one can reproach us for our historical quest, which is partially a reaction to Marquis and Paxton's recent publication, *Vichy and the Jews*, where the accent is placed on the anti-Semitism of the French people.

I recently published *Vichy-Auschwitz* (Ed. Fayard) in which I underscored the decisive acts of intervention by the upper echelons of the French clergy, and the protests of French public opinion, which obliged Vichy, from September 1942, to put a stop to the mass arrests of the Jews.

The French case is not an isolated one. To ensure impartiality, I analyzed the textbooks used in one country of Eastern Europe and one of Western Europe. In Hungary, the role of the Hungarian collaborators, which from 1944 on greatly aided the Nazis in arresting and deporting to Auschwitz more than 500,000 Jews, is only partially acknowledged. In Holland, there is no mention, at least not in the textbook we studied, of the highly-efficient anti-Jewish activity of the minority of Dutch collaborators with the Nazis.

The change in France's Grade 12 textbooks at the beginning of the current school year marks more than an evolution — it is rather a revolution that we are witnessing, since the essential facts are

recorded, as we will see, in 11 out of 12 textbooks.

□ HACHETTE (Gregh collection) sets the tone in its introduction to *Vichy and the Jews*: "For 30 years, the role played by the State of France in the persecution and death of the French Jews and of the foreign Jews who sought a haven in France, was deliberately distorted by the politicians or forgotten by the textbooks. The documents at our disposal today permit us to present this particularly horrendous episode in French contemporary history in a new light."

Far from having been carried out by the Nazis alone, the genocide of more than 70,000 Jews was made possible only by the ardent collaboration of the Vichy government.

Under the title "Overwhelming facts" Hachette reproduced the statistics concerning Vichy's anti-Semitism that I included in my article in *Le Monde*. Another page is dedicated to extracts from the Statute of the Jews, as well as to texts from Marras and Paxton, with such rubrics as "Vichy More Zealous than the Nazis," "Jewish children surrendered by Laval."

The authors of this textbook are honest. "What has been revealed by recent studies based on consultation of German archives," they write, "is the extent of Vichy's offers to the Germans, who were thus freed of the lowly tasks... the Vichy government multiplied its goodwill gestures, delivering the Jews according to the census conducted by the French administration."

□ IN THE Magnard (Dupaquier collection) text, all is clear and precise: "Vichy, on its own initiative, introduced anti-Semitic legislation whose character was racial. On October 3, 1940, the Jews of French nationality were submitted to a statute. They were excluded from the army and from the civil service. A numerus clausus limited their numbers in the universities (three per cent) and the liberal professions (two per cent). The Prefects were able to intern them; in the spring of 1941, 40,000 Jews were living behind barbed wire. In March 1941, the General Commissariat for Jewish Questions was charged with the implementation of these measures for the Southern Zone."

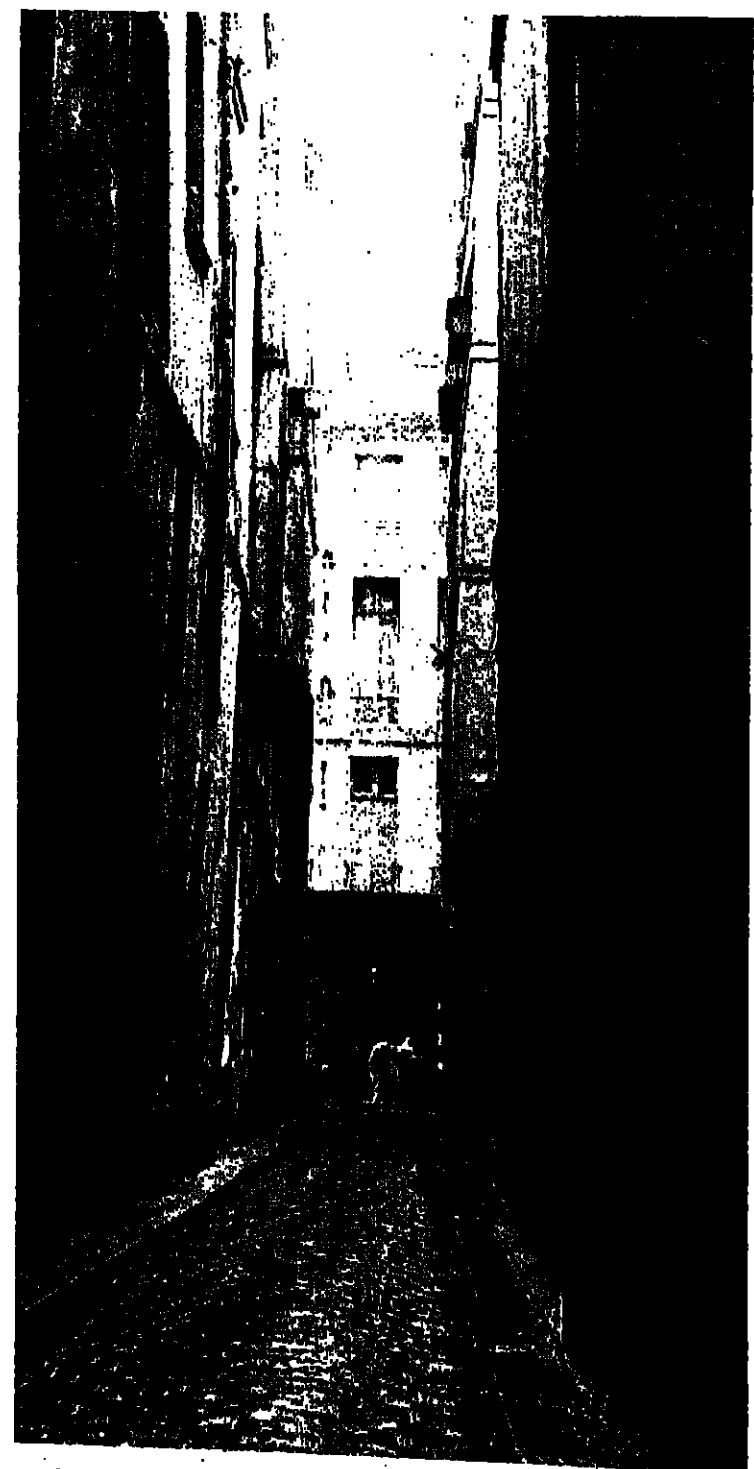
Further on we read: "Laval multiplied the gestures of submission... he organized the Vel d'Hiv roundup on July 16, 1942." And the following explanatory note appears in the margin: "Vel d'Hiv roundup — arrest by the French police in the Occupied Zone of 13,000 Jews who were concentrated in the stadium called Velodrome d'Hiver before being deported."

□ EDITIONS COLIN (Prost collection) deal with the subject along the same lines: "Laval, who pretended that he could force Hitler's hand, indulged in more and more sordid bargaining with the Reich, which demanded Jews, for its factories, and unified action against the Resistance fighters. In this way, the French state surrendered foreign Jews, including children, to preserve its jurisdiction over Jews who were French nationals."

Then, under the title "Explanatory Victims: the Jews": "The Jews knew a worse fate, victims as they were of the anti-Semitism of the Vichy state and the anti-Semitism of the Nazis. Those Jews who were not French citizens were the ones most frequently arrested by the French police (during the Vel d'Hiv round-

Corrected record

Forty years after the Holocaust, French history textbooks have finally acknowledged the role of the Vichy regime in the murder of 80,000 Jews, reports SERGE KLARSFELD.



up in Paris in July 1942, 12,884 were arrested) prior to being transported to the camp of Drancy, which was the antechamber of the death camps. At least 75,000 (among them 23,000 French citizens) were deported to Auschwitz."

□ THE publishing house of Hatier (Berstein Milza collection), also stresses Vichy's responsibility: "Pierre Laval, who declared that he wished for a German victory, initiated a policy of collaboration... he surrendered to the Germans the foreign Jews sheltered in France." Explaining Petain's trial, the authors add: "The expression 'I left nothing essential behind' refers to Vichy's wish to conserve the appearance of sovereignty, but what was it worth when Vichy accepted,

the deportation of the Jews, carried out with the assistance of the French police and the gendarmerie."

Two texts deal with the roundups of July 16, 1942 — an excerpt from the directives issued by the Parisian police for the arrest of the Jews, and a statement by a Mr. Rajfus: "It was used to perpetrate a crime to the brutal separation of 4,000 young children from their parents. Of the 13,000 foreign Jews arrested under these circumstances, there remained only a handful of survivors. All the children perished. France's profound indifference represents blatant complicity."

□ IN THE Istra (Greil-Wyteman collection), volumes we read that

"In France, Vichy gave in little by little to Berlin's pressure" as far as the Jews were concerned, and we are referred to a text by R. Paxton on "Anti-Semitism, the Original Sin." The question of the deportation of the Jews is discussed in excerpts from a Gestapo note about the July 6, 1942 agreement with Laval. The authors of the textbook comment: "Vichy's anti-Semitism dates back to 1940. It stiffened in June-July 1941 with the exclusion of the Jews from all executive positions in the economic sphere. In 1942, the 'Free Zone' rose to the heights of the Occupied Zone in its contribution to 'the Final Solution.' The south reacted to the Vel d'Hiv 'roundups' (July 16-17) with the arrest of the foreign Jews."

Laval's anti-Jewish policies are described, explained, and condemned. "How to respond to the demands of Berlin in 1942? By supplying manpower for the war machine, and Jews for the extermination camps. The deportation of the Jews of the 'Free Zone' began in July, at the same time as the roundups in the occupied zone. Out of... 120,000... [only] 3,000 returned. The camp of Drancy was the antechamber of death for the children whom Laval proposed to send to Germany together with their parents, [although] no one [had] asked him to do so. The protests of certain moral authorities, such as Monsignor Saliege, Bishop of Toulouse, were to no avail. Only the yellow star was spared the Jews of the Non-Occupied Zone."

□ ABC EDITIONS (Gauthier collection) note that "the Vichy regime was also a police regime which, since its creation, had engaged in the continued repression of its enemies: communists affiliated with the Third International, members of the Gaullist dissident movement, Freemasons, Jews... the Police for Jewish Questions supervised the application of the anti-Jewish laws promulgated by Vichy. Soon the Special Brigades engaged in the roundup of Jews and the hunt for patriots."

As in the Hachette text, two pages are devoted to "Anti-Semitism in Vichy France," with such heads as "The greatest shame of the Vichy regime," "Fascist Italy was less anti-Semitic than Vichy France," and "Vichy had its own policies inspired by Maurras and by xenophobia, and exceeded German requirements..."

There is an excerpt from the Statute of the Jews preceded by the following evaluation: "After the defeat of June 1940, the persecution of the Jews began in the occupied zone concurrent with the arrival of the German troops. The Vichy government for its part lost no time... and lent itself to a veritable competition in anti-Semitic behaviour."

The commentary in the second part of the study presents a text by Y. Jouffra on the history of Drancy: "The law of October 4, 1940 on foreign nationals of the Jewish race led to the internment of 40,000 foreign Jews in the Southern Zone in special camps. On March 29, 1941, Vichy created a Commissariat General for Jewish Questions directed by Xavier Vallat, which (purveyed) intensely anti-Semitic propaganda and introduced the 'Aryanization' of the French economy: Jews were robbed and had their possessions confiscated by 'temporary administrators' charged with selling them for the profit of the State. In May 1941, the Parisian police arrested 3,700 foreign Jews.

On June 2, 1941, the Second Statute of the Jews was promulgated, more restrictive than the one of October 1940, excluding them from all civil service positions and cancelling the exemptions that had been granted to veterans. A general census of the Jews was decreed for the two zones in order to 'mark' the victims. During the summer, a numerus clausus was instituted for the legal and medical professions and for students. In Paris, the Jew-hunting and the roundups began in August 1941, when the camp of Drancy was opened."

The third part of the study begins like this: "In December 1941, the French police arrested 1,000 Jewish 'personalities' and intellectuals. Among the 70 Jewish-Bolshevik hostages shot by the Germans at Mont Valerian on December 15, there were 53 Russian or Polish Jews. In the spring of 1942, the Nazis engaged in the implementation in France of the Final Solution, saw to the replacement of Xavier Vallat, who was judged too soft, by Darquier de Pellepoix. The latter participated, together with Laval and Bousquet, the secretary general of the police, in the negotiations with the German authorities prior to the mass roundups of the Vel d'Hiv of July 1942, during which the French police arrested and delivered to the Nazis 13,152 Jews, among them 4,115 children under 16 years of age."

"In August 1942, Vichy organized roundups in the Southern Zone and surrendered to the Nazis the Jews interned in the camps of the zone dubbed 'Free.' From the summer of 1942 the deportation of the Jews to the extermination camps was accelerated and did not cease until the Liberation."

□ EDITIONS NATHAN (D. Franco collection) give us these lines: "When the Germans began to deport the Jews, Laval used them as a bargaining counter, hoping to obtain concessions from Hitler. He accepted the surrender of the foreign Jews of the Non-Occupied Zone, including the children. Out of 300,000 Jews residing in France, 75,000 (including 10,000 under the age of 18) were deported, two-thirds of them foreigners. There were 2,500 survivors. This was the politics of collaboration with the Nazis."

Laval's initiatives are denounced thus: "The persecution of the Jews was increased; they were surrendered to the Germans, and robbed by the agents of the Vichy Commissariat for Jewish Questions after they were forbidden to own their own businesses."

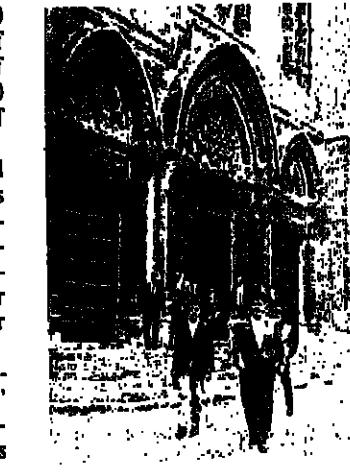
Under the title "Vichy's anti-Semitism and the Jewish Question," several texts are published, including one by the same Rajfus mentioned previously.

□ IN A detailed two-page study devoted to the genocide of the Jews, Editions Seodol remind us that "the French government itself surrendered to Hitler the foreign Jews (in the Vel d'Hiv roundup on July 17, 1942)." The protest of Monsignor Saliege, as well as the eyewitness account of Pastor Boegner, on Laval's anti-Jewish attitude, is reprinted. We are told that "The Jews were subjected, as of October 1940, to a special statute... Laval was following Berlin: the surrender of the foreign Jews who had sought refuge in France (1942)."

□ EDITIONS BORDAS indicate from the outset that "in the occupied countries, the Jews, who were the subject of a prior census, were the object of roundups



(Above) Serge Klarsfeld. (Below) Jewish cemetery in Aix; demonstration in Paris; synagogue in Bordeaux.



sometimes implemented, as in France, with the collaboration of the local authorities." This point is subsequently treated in greater detail: "On the other hand, the anti-Semitic persecutions become more serious and the Vichy authorities participated openly in the implementation of the German strategy. Thousands of Jews from the Occupied Zone were deported to Germany; at that time the tragic roundup of the Vel d'Hiv took place: On July 16, 1942, 13,000 Jews from the Paris region, among them 4,500 children, were arrested by the French police on the order of the Germans, and then deported. In the Non-Occupied Zone, Laval had the foreign Jews and political refugees arrested."

On the preceding page, two texts are quoted to show the anti-

Semitism of Vichy and its collaborators: an excerpt from the Statute of the Jews and a wretched pamphlet by Lucien Rebatet.

□ EDITIONS DELEGRIVE (Aldebert collection) are more discreet on the matter of Vichy police participation, all the while reminding us of "the promulgation of the Statute of the Jews, who were eliminated from the civil service and submitted to a numerus clausus in the universities and many of the liberal professions."

On the other hand, the correct figure of "six million Jews massacred" is quoted, and the number of Jews deported from France is even increased to 110,000 (instead of 76,000). Only the commentary preceding Monsignor Saliege's protest recalled the arrest of the Jews by the Vichy police: "For all Frenchmen, life under the occupation was difficult, but there were those who even in the Free Zone were threatened in their life and liberty."

□ EDITIONS BELIN (Lebrun-Zunghelli collection) state at first that "The anti-Semitic policy in the 'Free' Zone, was a Vichy initiative. From October 3, 1940, a Statute of the Jews was published which was racial in character, excluding them from numerous professions... A law of October 4, 1940 authorized the internment of foreign Jews in concentration camps... Hunger, illness and death were the daily companions of the internees in Gurs, Noe, Rivesaltes, Le Vernet, and Rivesaltes. In March 1941, the directorship of the Commissariat for Jewish Questions was given to Xavier Vallat. A police force for Jewish Questions was created. A Second Statute of June 1941 made the census obligatory."

Further on, France's contribution to the Final Solution is dealt with: "In January 1942, the Nazi dignitaries, at a conference at Wannsee, decided on the 'Final Solution' to the Jewish Question; that is to say, extermination. Vichy placed its police at the disposal of the Nazis for the major roundups in the Occupied Zone. The most infamous was the 'Spring Wind' Operation (July 16-17, 1942), in which almost 13,000 people were interned in the Vel d'Hiv (Paris, 15^eme arrondissement). The French government surrendered the interned foreign Jews in the 'Free Zone' and, presumably with the intention of protecting the French Jews, handed over to the Nazis, as a proof of their good faith, the foreign Jewish children whom Germany had not asked for. In December 1942, it was the Italian authorities who did not allow the Petain-Laval government to arrest Jews in their zone of occupation... In any case, in August 1943, Laval strictly opposed the Germans by not agreeing to automatically deprive Jews naturalized after 1927 of their citizenship; 75,000 out of 300,000 Jews residing in France in 1939 were deported, 2,500 returned."

□ EDITIONS SOCIALES MES-SIDOR, a communist publishing house, produced a textbook in its *Wolkow* collection which, paradoxically, is the only one that still ignores the Vichy role in the anti-Jewish persecutions. It is up to the authors to explain the reasons for this silence, which cannot be innocent, especially if one considers the detailed manner in which the other textbooks present the Vichy contribution to the Final Solution. □

Translated by Cynthia Haft.

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(Continued from page 4)

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CAIRO, FEBRUARY '78 — By Yitzhak Ben-Ner. About a journalist in the streets of Cairo. (Neuva, Jofel Shein, tomorrow)

CITY SUGAR — By Stephen Poliakoff. Directed by Micha Levinson. A Beersheba Municipal Theatre/Yuval Theatre production. The story of a popular radio announcer.

FIVE — Directed by Nola Chilton. Produced by the New Zedek Theatre. About a group of prisoners in a concentration camp during the Holocaust. (Jofel, Rubin, Tuesday)

NO ENTRANCE TO PARLIAMENTARY DEMOS — One-woman show, written, composed and directed by Bilha Yavne. A social and political satire picture of Israel today. (Holon, Mifet, tonight at 10 p.m.; Ramat Hasharon, Kochav, Monday at 8 p.m.)

IDENTITY CARD — (Beersheba, Keren, Sunday at 7 p.m.; Kiryat Yam, Nitzan, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Fibertex, Tuesday; Kiryat Shmona, Sun. Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE IDIOT (Ramat Gan, Orde, tonight at 10 p.m.; Tcherni, Aviv, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

PILOIS — (Ashdod, Mifet, Tuesday)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE — (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 9.45 p.m.; Acco, Auditorium, Sunday through Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Ashdod, Rabel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

For last-minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.

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FILMS IN BRIEF

THE ARRANGEMENT — Argentinian film which condones corruption as a way of life you can't beat.

BABY LOVE — Fifth instalment in the Lemon Popale series. The 3 musketeers are now older and mellower. No doubt heading to be another box office success.

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS — A husky producer and a sexy sheriff try to fend off the attacks of a hypocritical crusader who demands that a venerable little bordello be closed down for morality's sake. Based on a Broadway musical, itself inspired by a real-life incident, it is amusing as long as it does not pretend to take itself seriously. With Dolly Parton and Burt Reynolds.

BLUE THUNDER — John Badham's film about a helicopter prepared as a tool by American right-wing government extremists against eventual terrorist activities at the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Sick, profane, amusing and entertaining, it portrays the struggle between good (played by Roy Scheider), and evil (played by Malcolm McDowell).

CANNERY ROW — A kind of mythical glorification of the simpler aspects of life by director Simon S. Ward. Beautiful camerawork by Sven Nykvist.

LE CHOIX DES ARMES — French thriller about a gangster forced to take up arms again. The acting is nothing special, but a successful scene exists here and there.

CLASS — About a group of disfiguringly rich college roommates. Irrelevant.

CUTTER'S WAY — A very bitter attempt to blow up the American dream and the Hollywood myths. The film doesn't promise you a fun time, but a strong image of modern America.

DIVA — This first feature film by director Jean-Jacques Beineix is a thriller — but also a fetishistic exploration of human nature. Intensely enjoyable, as long as you don't take it too seriously.

EMMANUELLE — Polished and elegantly erotic — but really rather silly — French film about a diplomat in Bangkok who encourages his wife (Sybil Kristel) to sample all kinds of sex, with an aging voyeur officiating over the final initiation. Well acted, and the colourful Thai background is fascinating. Directed by Just Jackin.

FACE TO FACE — Legendar Bergman's excellent psychological study of a woman (Liv Ullmann) who works in a mental asylum and who, by excessive introspection, loses her grip on reality.

FLASHDANCE — A mindless, flashy, barial movie of a 20-year old dancer. There is nothing beyond the purely fancy and superficial in all.

GARDE A VUE — Claude Miller's new film is a critique on the French judicial system, but it is also a study of the individual, loneliness and alienation. Highly recommended.

GREASE 2 — Lacking the star power of its predecessor, the plot of this film uses most of

for's film deals with the pre-war aspects of the Holocaust. It recounts the story of a small Jewish boy whose father was killed in a pogrom. Starring Romy Schneider, in her last part before she died, and Michel Piccoli.

PSYCHO II — About a mama's boy with a killer's streak. But instead of being taut and tension building, Richard Franklin's movie is rather lifeless.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK — This George Lucas-Steven Spielberg venture creates magic out of sheer energy. A glorious, unabashed piece of entertainment.

SHOGUN — Richard Chamberlain plays the lead in this story of a British pilot of a Dutch ship who lands in Japan. Bears only a vague similarity to the James Clavell bestseller on which the story is based.

TEMPEST — A successful architect, unsatisfied with his life, his wife and his surroundings, takes a breather on a deserted beautiful island, accompanied by his teenage daughter, a gorgeous driver and a no-nonsense native. Wise, charming and splendidly performed by John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Susan Sarandon and Raul Julia, to name just a few of an outstanding cast.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE VICTIM — Argentinian film about a professional killer who works for a big insurance trust, eliminating incriminating evidence along the way.

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR — Based on Judith Rossner's best-selling novel, about a young woman who works as a school teacher by day and frequents singles bars at night in search of rough sex.

MAX DUGAN RETURNS — About an ex-con who reappears in his daughter's life. Nothing amusing, no moral, most of the time it is frankly boring.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. LAWRENCE — Based on Laurence van der Post's *The Seed and the Sower*, Japanese director Nagisa Oshima tries to paint a moral picture of modern Japan. Powerful use of image, excellent camerawork, superior performances by the cast; the only serious flaw is the dunnity caused by the series of flashback sequences.

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS — A young American, caught trying to smuggle hashish out of Turkey, is sentenced to 30 years imprisonment. His experiences with a barbaric system of "justice" and a grotesque prison system form the basis for this shocking and important film. Excellent acting by Brad Davis, John Hurt and others.

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL — The Monty Python team, as medieval knights of the Round Table led by King Arthur, in search of the Holy Grail. The dusty story and character will please nostalgic Monty Python fans.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN — A strict urechin with strong character proves he can endure all the hardships of the course for navy pilots and becomes an officer. Traditional melodrama, well made and well-acted.

LA PASSANTE DE SANS-SOUCI — Based on the novel by Joseph Kessel, Jacques Rouff

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But they are nonetheless a far cry from the truly professional establishment, where the tableware matches and the waiter knows from which side to serve; where the menu represents a choice of what is actually available, and not what the proprietors wish they could serve; where one can choose a bottle of wine rather than be subject to the whims of whatever wholesaler happened to call the previous week.

The stairway leading up to the restaurant and the dining area itself are decorated, as one might expect in such a place, with large and mouth-watering pictures of food. It

is only upon closer examination that one finds that some of the pictures are a step away from realism. An ear of corn sticks out of a

AS FOR the main course, I allowed myself the luxury of trying the most expensive item on the menu, sea bass Grenoble, in which a thick slice of this noble fish had been fried and then served with a generous blanket of croutons, chopped fresh lemon and capers. It was delicious.

As I was the guest of the management, I did not see a bill; but by my computation, it would have come to almost \$3,000. □

The force which sustains and preserves the limited and oppressive world is gossip — and now that we have all become part of a "global village," we may be able to appreciate Ibsen even more than before.

REPUTATION is everything to Bernick, the shipyard owner. He can do the most dubious things in his business transactions, as long as his good name and credit remain intact. Since he, and as he points out everyone else, has some spots on his record, the whole structure is built on a lie.

All the actors do well — a great tribute to director Theodor Toma. The set, by Miriam Goretzky, is practically designed, for the constant comings and goings and airy and roomy, as Ibsen specified. But it lacks atmosphere and suggestion. Her 19th century costumes, on the other hand, are delightful.

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Even the most fanatic and s
righteous preachers of conventio
morality, like the schoolteacher
future parson Rörland (acted ex
tently by Ghad Shahr) are

the joyous hopes of youth, can lead to frustration, rebellion and destruction — or to a stand for peace and freedom, regardless of the social consequences.

all? For a Lona like Tina Tulin might have been a worthy challenger — how to put a great deal into a few trivial words.

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REHEARSAL TIME in a bare room at Tel Aviv's Beit Hamoreh. Hamlet and his mother are discussing which of them has offended his father more.

The text is in Hebrew, translated by David Avidan. When they depart from the dialogue — to discuss, for instance, where she should slap him, and how hard — the language between them is also Hebrew.

But Hamlet talks to the director in spare French and the Queen talks to the director in Rumanian. The director either responds in kind or speaks Rumanian to an interpreter who turns it at a fast clip into Hebrew.

Is this any way to run a play? The results will only be available toward the end of this month, when Habimah's first *Hamlet* in 30 years is ready for the stage.

For now, I can only say that despite the language barriers, actors and director could sometimes complete each other's sentences.

THE NEW *Hamlet*, aged 29, is Moshe Becker. Lia Koenig is the Queen, and Dino Cernescu the director.

Cernescu arrived in Israel last July to direct Edward Bond's *Lear* at the Deceasheba Theatre, and started working on *Hamlet* in September.

He is of medium height, with dark but graying hair, lively eyes, prominent teeth and less than a you'd expect in someone who spends a lot of his time telling people what to do. His manner is warm, direct, unassuming.

During breaks in the rehearsal, he talks about the current project, including the ways he "restructured"

Habimah's Hamlet



Moshe Becker and Lia Koenig as Hamlet and the Queen.

CURTAIN CALL / Marsha Pomerantz

the original text. The question of offense to the father comes up again.

"Every production is a betrayal of the essential spirit of the author," says Cernescu (in French). "The director who's aware of that tries to make the betrayal minimal."

He believes he is loyal to Shakespeare's intentions; "Shakespeare was very much in-

involved in social and political life. I'm sure that if he lived now he himself would have changed the text."

Cernescu has changed the role of Horatio, made him "a character who tries to serve the foreign invaders." Fortinbras embodies "the external danger, which is very time-

ly for many nations — particularly

Israel."

He explains the Queen's marriage by making her much older than Claudius. "It's a matter of bed," he says. "She accepts this *mesalliance* for sexual reasons, and thus betrays without realizing it."

Ophelia isn't as "sensually pure" in this production as some would have her. She feigns madness to protect herself. "If someone knew state secrets — at that time, but not only at that time — it was better to play mad."

What interests Cernescu in particular is the individual and his relationship to power — a relationship "which doesn't work particularly well," to put it mildly.

"You might say it's logical for someone from the Eastern bloc to be interested in the relationship between the individual and the Establishment. But it's something which preoccupies everyone — not just one part of Europe."

Theatre can influence politics, he believes. Not directly, but through the individual. The audience must leave the theatre "in a different state of mind" from the one in which it entered.

CERNESCU has worked recently in Holland, Belgium and Hungary, though his home is in Bucharest, to which he returns at the end of this month. Does he sometimes have problems with the Establishment there? Can he talk about it?

No, he has no problems, and yes, he can talk about it.

"You must not confuse the principles of the state with the people who apply them. However great the principles, you sometimes encounter people who are the

delegates of power and have only their own problems in mind. These intermediaries of power must sometimes be changed."

Again, he points out, that split between principles and their application exists everywhere — and among artists as well as political leaders.

He is pleased with theatre in Rumania and says that what makes a production good is its "roundness" — the equal weight exerted by text, actors, design, music, direction. None of those elements should be emphasized to the detriment of others.

THE ROUNDNESS of his *Hamlet* is hard to imagine in the bare rehearsal space, but it is — to me — abuse of power has a lot in common with Cernescu's other production in Israel. Bond's latter-day *Lear* builds himself a wall to protect his freedom, sacrificing his nation and eventually himself on the altar of a great project. His revolutionary and counter-revolutionary daughters do little more for the cause of justice than he does.

If Cernescu had his way, *Hamlet* and this *Lear* would be presented in a single evening. "Fortinbras becomes Bond's *Lear*," he says. He would have liked Mark Hassman, who plays *Lear* in the Deceasheba version, to be Fortinbras in such a double feature. But five hours of theatre in one evening is a bit excessive, he agrees.

Some fringe productions these days take three times that long. But even five hours might drive the national theatre's subscription audience to the barricades.

Now there's an idea. □

Strange agreement

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

IT ISN'T OFTEN that I find myself in complete agreement with Tehiya leaders Geula Cohen MK and Hanan Porat MK, but this week they could have been my ventriloquist's doll as they enunciated in ringing tones one of the most cherished principles of a free society. They came out to declare with great eloquence that no man should be regarded as guilty until he has been judged so by a competent court.

Together with this basic tenet goes the corollary that only the guilty should be punished, and that collective punishment is abhorrent. It is only fitting that such rules should be treated with great respect by a country which never tires of describing itself as a bastion of democracy in the Middle East.

Not surprisingly, I thought of these things as I watched the horrifying shots of the Israelis blowing up the homes of the families of suspected terrorist killers. The dignified old Arab men and women watching the debris that had once been their houses, used in Arabic exactly the same words that Cohen and Porat spoke in Hebrew. These aged Arabs were such remarkable examples of the victims of tyrants that they looked like characters in a play by Brecht. Their faces should remain etched in our memories as reminders of what terrible things can be done by Jews, the victims of persecution for millennia, when they attain power.

The truth is that every occupying power, however democratic it may be at home, deposits its principles in the deep freeze when it sets out to rule a subject population. Collective punishment was applied by the British Mandatory Government in dealing with the Jews in what was then Palestine. The British *raf* in India and Egypt had a pleasant habit of blowing rebellious "natives" alive out of 25-pounder guns. That great democracy, the United States, razed Vietnamese villages suspected of housing Vietcong. So with us: democratic principles are not allowed to cross the old green lines. Just as slavery enslaves the master as well as the slave, so occupation corrodes occupier as well as occupied.

By the way, I think it is only fair to Cohen and Porat to point out that they were not referring to the blowing up of the Arab houses, but to the case of Ephraim Siegel, of Elon Moreh, who is alleged to have shot the 11-year-old girl in Nablus. No doubt I was nodding when the news showed us shots of our security forces blowing up his home and factory, while his family watched in despair — or is it possible that this scene never took place? Can it be that we, who cry so bitterly about being the victims of double standards, have one set of law for the Jews and another for the Arabs?

ON A MORE cheerful note, there was one very bright light that shone through the darkness of a week's news as black as midnight. This was the remarkable declaration by several eminent Palestinian leaders, condemning the terrorist attack on the Jerusalem bus. As far as I can recall, it is unprecedented for a statement of this nature to be issued by leaders of such renown among

the Arabs as Anwar Nusseibeh; Kahrim Khalef, the ousted mayor of Ramallah; Nabi Mustapha Natshe, the ousted mayor of Hebron; Raymonda Tawil, the writer; and Hannan Siniora, editor of *al-Fajr*.

It seemed to me that this marked a major breakthrough in Arab thinking or, perhaps even more important, in open Arab declarations about what they are thinking. For decades, no Arab leader has dared to condemn in public the use of terror as a weapon.

From the Jewish side, we heard a very encouraging condemnation of the occupation from the former military commander of Gaza, Zvi Elpeleg. He was appearing on Ram Evron's *This is the Time* programme, in a debate with a refugee, 28-year-old Hamdi Faraj, about the Ben-Porat commission's new plan to rehouse the refugees, still living in UNRWA camps under Israeli control.

Faraj was asked to explain why he was so opposed to a scheme that would end some of the physical suffering of the refugees. He started off by saying that Ben-Porat was trying to sell his proposals as a "human-being plan," whereas Faraj was convinced that it was a political plan. He pounced eagerly on an expression tossed to him by Evron — that Ben-Porat is a minister in the government and not a social worker.

But he had no real answer when Elpeleg cited the example of the 50,000 refugees in Gaza, who moved to better housing provided by the Israeli authorities, without in any way abating their political aspirations or their rights as refugees. Faraj was reduced to saying that the homes in the West Bank camps were not so bad, that the Arabs had improved on what UNRWA gave them, that in 35 years they had got used to them. But clearly he was really still suspicious that accepting new homes would somehow invalidate their claims to justice from the world.

Nor had he any real answer to Elpeleg's contention that the Palestinians on the West Bank enjoyed certain benefits under the Israelis that they had been denied by King Hussein — their own universities, newspapers and elections — without prejudicing their claim to national independence. Why should not the same thing apply to better housing?

But Faraj, despite being rather inarticulate in English and being hard-pressed by two experienced and adroit debaters — Evron functioning as a critical interrogator of the young man rather than as an impartial host — did produce one brilliant riposte that nonplussed the others. Elpeleg argued that the Palestinians, despite not having political independence, were better off under the Israelis than they were under the Jordanians or any other Arab regime. Faraj exclaimed: "Why do you always compare yourselves to the Arabs states? They are all tyrannical! Why not compare yourselves to the Europeans?"

Faraj struck another shrewd blow when he said that the Jews always talked to the leaders of the Arab states instead of to the Palestinians themselves. The answer to this, of

course, is that the Palestinians never produced a leader ready to talk to the Jews. That is why the condemnation of terror by the group of top Palestinians seems to me to be to such an important event.

JUST AS I was beginning to talk myself into thinking that we could glean some crumbs of optimism from a bad week, I remembered the meeting last Thursday night between the Jews of Upper Nazareth and the Arabs who want to live there. The Jews sounded exactly like American Protestant WASPs explaining why they inserted overt or covert clauses in their title-deeds, stipulating that no Jews should be allowed to move into the neighbourhood, lest they bring down property values. There are 1,000 empty flats in Upper Nazareth, but, according to the Jewish landowners, it is better that they should remain empty than that Arabs from overcrowded Nazareth — denied land for expansion by the Jewish policy of building Upper Nazareth — should move up the hill.

Does the Almighty never get tired of playing these Voltairian jokes on us?

THIS WEEK the six-instalement preface to *Pillar of Fire* suddenly kindled a blaze from the dull ashes of Yigal Lossin's rather tedious defence of his show against criticisms we have forgotten all about. The current instalment moved from the Jewish wars about the nature of Zionism, which are of academic interest only, to the question of how the Zionists dealt with the Arab issue.

Anwar Nusseibeh admitted that there were no such things as Palestinians at the time the Balfour Declaration was issued — at that stage they were all Arabs, inhabitants of Greater Syria, part of the Ottoman Empire, and dreaming of independence as Arabs. He said that the British and the French created Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Transjordan to suit their own interests.

There was an interesting debate between Professor Yosef Nedava and Amos Elon, during which the latter made a very good point. He said that the Jews did not exist as a nation 80 years ago; they became a nation when they started to call themselves a nation, and he thought the same thing applied to the Palestinians. It was strange to hear Professor Nedava still trotting out the argument we all used once upon a time — that the Arabs had such vast areas under their control, surely they should absorb the displaced Palestinians. It seems to me that we proved in the Lebanon war that the Palestinians cannot be integrated into any Arab host nation.

AMONG THE blessings for which we must credit Israel Television is *Taxi*, a comedy series which manages to avoid clichés of expression and situation. Several of the characters are real comic creations — the unutterably vile Louie, the besotted Jim and the zany Latka. And the dialogue sparkles.

Winds of War has picked up considerably, although Natalie is still something that the dog should have left buried. And *Rage of Angels*, although florid and lacking in subtlety, like many American serials, is nevertheless very exciting, and we hope our lawyer lass will whip all who are out to get her. It is very sad that she committed the supreme folly of falling in love with a very nice guy: nice guys are worse than the opium habit for the people who love them. □

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EVENTS

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BEST BOY (USA 1980) — The process of detaching a retarded adult from home. Directed by Ira Wein (won Oscar for best documentary film of 1980)

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PICASSO AND POLITICS
Dr. Ziva Amichai-Misels

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Mon. at 7 pm: *From Mao to Mozart*
7.30 pm: small hall *The Shanghai Gesture* Josef von Sternberg
9.30 pm: *La Folie Lucien Danuel*
Tues. at 4 pm: *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*
7 pm: *The Mizouri Breaks*
9.30 pm: *The Long Holidays of 1936 Jaime Camino*
Wed. at 7 pm: *Deprisa Deprisa* Carlos Saura
7.30 pm: small hall *A Soldier's Father* Renee Chiklode
9.30 pm: *Hunger* Henning Carlsen
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Requiem*
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"MARATHON" has become a popular word in dance events, but the programme at the Khan on December 7 was a comparatively modest offering by two soloists, with two items by the Jerusalem Dance Workshop and two Canadian film briefs.

Tanara Michalik's programme confirmed her striking definition as a dancer in solos created by Anna Sokolow, Heda Oren and herself. Her movements were always clear and communicative. In her Yiddish songs her voice was best employed in humour.

The Jerusalem Dance Workshop presented Duet, choreographed by Miriam Hertz. Sombre and turbulent in texture, it required better distribution of emphasis and better timing. Much more interesting was *The Unanswered Question* (music: Bartok) by Galia Magen, danced by five of the company. Here there was an attempt at shape and rhythm.

Many modern dance conventions were given a new look; rolling on the floor, for instance, was made to

Modest marathon

DANCE
Dora Sowden

resemble the movement of tumbleweed.

One Woman Circus, which was choreographed and danced by Miri Ben Baruch, used the device of portraying a series of circus characters. The "clowns" were not sufficiently well-differentiated; the mime and movement were too simplistic and the costume changes (behind a screen) not well-organized. Changing in front of the screen might have been better.

EMBASSIES in Israel are holding special evenings to show what the dance companies of their countries are doing. The Canadian Embassy

set the series going with the screening of a film called *Gala* at the Inbal Dance Theatre studio in Tel Aviv on December 8.

Light Canadian companies, the Toronto Dance Theatre, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet (which has been here), the Danny Grossman Company (also here some time ago), Le Groupe de la Place Royale, Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, the Anna Wyman Dance Theatre, the Winnipeg Contemporary Dancers and the National Ballet of Canada participated in one programme on May 11, 1981, in Ottawa.

The dancing was excellent throughout, but the choreography did not always match its standard. By far the best was the brilliant ballroom scene from John Cranko's *Romeo and Juliet*, which had truly stellar leads. Also interesting was a work by Brian Macdonald, who for a time was director of the Batsheva Company.

The next programmes will be given by Belgium (December 21); Japan (January 4) and Canada again (January 18).

GENE HILL SAGAN's work *Edge of Darkness* (music: Beethoven) in tribute to the late Timna Yeriell, will be given its premiere by the Kibbutz Dance Company in the Tel Aviv Museum on December 19. Other works on the programme will include Yacov Sharir's *Shapes* and Jiri Kylian's *La Cathedrale Engloutie*.

ESTI POMERANTZ and Amnon Raviv will appear at the Tel Aviv Museum on December 20. They call themselves the "Two" Dance Theatre and their programme is entitled *Vision or Mirror* (depending on how one translates the Hebrew). The programme was first presented at the Acre Theatre Festival.

KATIA MICHAELI, long known as an expert in the Alexander technique, a remedial system for postural tensions, has developed a new therapy which she describes as "a new technique, but based on the Alexander."

The new method, which "gives more attention to movement," and,

according to Michaeli, also works with non-dancers, has led to invitations to teach in the U.S. and Switzerland. Michaeli, who will probably also teach at the London School of Contemporary Dance, names conductor Leonard Bernstein and Israeli singer Yehoram Gaon among former "students."

"A free neck means a free body," says Michaeli. "There is always movement in us. To be entirely relaxed, you are in the grave. But you mustn't be tense."

"Don't cross your legs," she told me firmly. "It cuts off circulation and can cause a coronary condition."

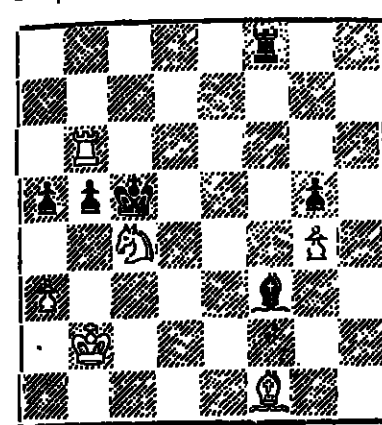
After studying at the Mary Wigman School in Dresden, Michaeli toured the U.S. three times as a soloist with the great dancer's group.

"Wigman used to say that dance is communication, not just entertainment," recalls Michaeli "and that when there is communication between dancers and audiences, there is consumption. But for that, the body must be free."

CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3151
YOHANAN AFEK, Tel Aviv
2nd prize, Tidskrift for Schack, 1972



White to play and win (6-6)
SOLUTIONS, Problem No. 3149 (Comay). 1.Kg2! h6 2.Kg1 Kh3 3.Kf2 h5 4.Bg2 Kh4 5.Kc2! Kg3 6.Bf1 h4 7.Kc3, and wins.

NATIONAL TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP
THE FIRST round of the National Team Championship will be held tomorrow. In the first division the following teams will meet: Haifa Technion ASA — Rishon LeZion

Feldkley; Kiryat Sprinkak — Hadera Hapoel; Ramat Gan — Jerusalem ASA; Tel Aviv Youth Centre — Beersheba; Tel Aviv University ASA — Rehovot Hapoel.

KORCHNOI, SMYSLOV AHEAD

VICTOR KORCHNOI was leading 3-2 after the fifth game in his match against Gury Kasparov. After winning the first game, Korchnoi held his young opponent to a draw in the next four games.

Former world champion Vassily Smyslov was leading 3½-2½ in his match against Hungary's Zoltan Ribli after the sixth game. Smyslov won two games, Ribli one, and the other three games were drawn.

In the women's matches, both of which are being held in the USSR, Irina Levitina was leading 3-2 in her match against Nana Alexandria. In the second match, Ioseliani and Semionova have each scored 2 points in their four first games.

CHINA WINS ASIAN CHAMPIONSHIP

THE ASIAN Team Championship was won, surprisingly enough, by China, which beat the strong team of the Philippines. Third place went to India, and fourth to Pakistan. Ten teams took part in the event, which was held in New Delhi. The

outstanding player of the event was GM Eugenio Torre of the Philippines.

TILBURG 1983

VAGANIAN 1.d4 Nf6 2.Nf3 e6 3.Bg5 c5 4.e3 d5 5.c3 Bc7 6.Rd3 Nbd7 7.0-0 b6 8.Ne5 Ne5 9.d5 Nd7 10.Bf4 Bb7 11.c4 d4 12.Be4 Qc7 13.Bb5 a6 14.Bd7 Qd7 15.Nd2 g5 16.Bg3 Rd8 17.Nf3 Qc6 18.Qe2 h5 19.h3 g4 20.hg4 hg4 21.Ne1 Qe4 22.f3 g3 23.Nf3 Qg4 24.Bf4 Rg8 25.Rf2 Rb7 26.Nh2 Qg6 27.Nf3 Qg4 28.Nh2 Qh3 29.Kh1 Bh4 30.e4 Qd3 31.Qd3 Rb3 32.Re2 Rh8 33.Kg1 Rg8 34.Kf1 Be7 35.Rue1 c4 36.Nf3 Rh8 37.Kf2 b5 38.Rd2 Bb4 39.Rd3 Be1 40.Ne1 c3 41.Nd3 Kd7 42.b4 Rh1 43.Ne5 Kc7 44.Kg3 Ra1 45.Kh4 Ra2. White resigns.

TILBURG 1983

KARPOV 1.Nf3 Nf6 2.c4 e5 3.Nc3 Nc6 4.e3 e6 5.d4 d5 6.cxd5 e5 7.Be2 cd4 8.Nd4 Bb6 9.0-0 10-0 11.Bf3 Be5 11.Qd3 Nf4 12.Qd2 Bd4 13.ed4 Bf5 14.Bd1 Re8 15.Na4 Nc6 16.f3 Qe5 17.Qe5 Na5 18.Kf2 Nc6 19.Bc3 Nf4 20.Bg5 Nd7 21.g4 Bg6 22.Bb3 Be2 23.Be2 Nc2 24.Rf1 f6 25.Bf4 Nf8 26.Rd2 Ne7 27.Bg3 Nc4 28.Rf1 Nc6 29.Rd5 Rcd8 30.Rd8 Rb8 31.Rd8 Nc8 32.Kc3 Kf7 33.f4 g6 34.f5 g7 35.gf5 Ng7 36.Ne4 Nc6 37.Bd6 Ne7 38.Ne5 h6 39.Na6 Ngf3 40.Bb8 Kc6

41.Ba7 Nd6 42.Kd3 Nd5 43.a4 f5 44.h4 f4 45.a5 b5 46.ha5 Kd7 47.Nc5 Kc6 48.Nh3 Nb4 49.Kc2 Nb5 50.Kf3 Nc6 51.Bh6 Nc4 52.Be7 N4:a5 53.Na5 Na5 54.Ba5 Ka5 55.Kf4 Kh5 56.Kg5 Ke5 57.Kh6. Black resigns.

KOSTICH MEMORIAL

KAPLAN 1.Nf3 c5 2.g3 g6 3.Bg2 Bg7 4.d4 cd4 5.Nd4 Nc6 6.Nh3 Nf6 7.c4 0-0 8.0-0 d6 9.Nc3 Be6 10.e5 d5 11.Nh5 Qd7 12.Re1 Rad8 13.N5d4 Bh3 14.Bh1 Ne4 15.Be3 Nd4 16.Bd4 e5 17.Be3 f5 18.f3 Nf6 19.Qd2 f4! 20.g4 Ne4! 21.Qc1 Qf5 22.f5 Be5 23.Nd2 Bh2! 24.Kh2 Qe5 25.f4 Rf4 26.Ne4 Rf2 27.Kh3 Rh2 28.Kg4 h5 29.Kf3 de4x.

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White — Kg1; Qa7; Rcl; Bd3; Be3; Nd2; Pa2; b4; d4; e5; g2; h3; (12). Black — Kd7; Qg8; Re8; Rh6; Bc6; Ne4; Pb6; c7; d5; e6; g7; h4; (12). 1.Rc6! Kc6 2.Qa4 Kb7 3.Ba6 Ka7 (3... Kh8 4.Qc6) 4.Bb5. Black resigns. (Vorotnikov-Timarin, USSR, 1982.)

ART OF ATTACK

White — Kg1; Qd6; Rb4; Rd4; Bf1; Pa3; d5; e3; f2; g3; h2; (11). Black — Kg8; Qf7; Rcl; Re8; Bd7; Pa7; f5; g6; h7; (9). Black to play. 1... f4! 2.Rf4 (2.g4 f5 3.Rb2 e2)

2... Hh3 3.Qa6 Qd5 4.e4 Qa5. White resigns. (Griezme-Sandler, Riga, 1982.)

ENDGAME FINESSE

White — Kc1; Re5; Pb3; d4; e7; (5). Black — Kf3; Pb4; g2; (4). 1.Ee3! Kc2 2.e8Q Kf3 3.Qe2 Kg3 4.Qf2 Kh3 5.Qf3 Kh2 6.Qf4 Kh3 7.Kf2 Qa2 8.Kf3 Rf2 9.Kf2 g1Q 10.Ke2 Qg6 11.d5 Qa6 12.Ke3 Qb6 13.Ke4 Qd7 14.Qd2 Kh1 15.d6 Qc6 16.Qd5 Qd7 17.Kf3 Qh3 18.Kf2 Kh2 19.Qe5. Black resigns. (Gast-Shaw, Lucerne, 1982.)

INGENIOUS ESCAPE

White — Kf1; Qa4; Rg7; Ne3; Ne5; Pe5; d4; e3; f4; g3; h4; (12). Black — Kf8; Qh5; Rb8; Rb8; Bc4; Nf6; Pe6; d5; e4; e6; h7; (11). Black to play. 1... Rh1! 2.Nb1 (2.Kf2 Rb2 3.Kel Re2) 2... Qe2 3.Ne4 Qel 4.Kh2 Qf2 5.Kh1 Qf1 6.Kh2. Draw. (Kivlis-Zhuravnikov, USSR, 1950.)

COUP DE GRACE

White — Kh1; Qd6; Rg1; Rg2; Ne6; Pd4; f5; h2; (8). Black — Kh8; Qf6; Re8; Re8; Bb7; Pa6; d5; e4; h7; (9). 1.Nf8!! Black resigns. If 1... Q-Rf8 2.Rg8, or 1... Qf7 2.Qf6. (Olland-Rustor, correspondence game, 1932/33.)

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Admission fee: IS 200; for Members of Friends Association: IS 150.
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EVENTS
1. A study evening and a concert dedicated to Paul Ben-Haim on the 50th anniversary of his Aliya to Israel and on the occasion of the appearance of a book on his life and work. (In cooperation with Kol Israel)
Participants: The author of the book, Yehoshua Hishberg.
Ben-Haim's pupils: Ben-Zion Orgad, Yehoshua Gilson, Prof. Ami Maayan.
Ben-Haim's pupils: Ben-Zion Orgad, Yehoshua Gilson, Prof. Ami Maayan.
Readings from the book. Performance of Ben-Haim compositions: Zila Grossmayer (soprano) accompanied on the piano by Zohar Neuman, Uzi Grossmayer (cello), Varda Nishri (piano), Idit Segev (piano); Moderator: Dr. Avner Bahat.
Admission fee (to cover expenses): IS 200 for members: IS 150.
Wednesday, December 21 at 8:30 pm at B'nai Zion Auditorium.
Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2). Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, tel. 03-425161. Buses 13, 24, 26, 27, 46, 49, 274, 572.

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Program no. 2 for Youth Subscriptions
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Sunrise, sunset

Meir Ronnen

GABI KLASMER (b. Jerusalem, 1950) is nearly a decade out of the Bezalel; but he had made a name for himself as a conceptualist even before graduation. Over the last three years he has emerged as one of Israel's New Painters, frequently exhibited and of late receiving the accolade of a show at the Tel Aviv Museum and now at the Israel Museum. His current show of ten large paintings at the latter venue is the third in a series of special contemporary Israeli exhibits presented by curator Yigal Zalmona.

Klasmer's thing is to work with shiny industrial enamel paints on huge sheets of shiny card measuring some three by 1.60 metres. In another corner of the same hall, the Museum exhibits a slightly earlier work by Klasmer, typical of the way he has combined a written word with what have become increasingly abstract shapes. Klasmer began working on card several years ago; at first, he employed everyday Hebrew words, transliterated into English, in works that contained suggestions of a subject.

In his newest series on view here, Klasmer, in a sort of progressively reductive process, has arrived at a point where even the abstract shapes have disappeared and we are left with blended horizontal swathes of colour. But, paradoxically enough, subject matter has returned. All these new works are inspired by sunsets and sunrises. A number of them give a remarkably good approximation, without in any way attempting to be realistic. A few are darkly mysterious and one, quite black, takes its place in the series as the hush of night. Others are quite gay, almost ingratiatingly so, as joyous as a peppermint stick, but without being kitsch. They are all painted with the surety and lack of hesitation so crucial to the success of the technique.

These works are not, perhaps, without inspiration from other sources. In size, scale and atmosphere, they are close to the (more subtle) mysterious landscapes of America's Ed Ruscha. The technique of using flat bands of blended industrial colour as a sky has been "pioneered" locally by a lesser Jerusalem painter, Farideh, herself influenced by Klasmer's use of this type of paint on card (they have both exhibited at the same gallery, Jerusalem's "Gimel").

With these bold, pleasantly digestible reductive paintings, Klasmer seems to have come to the end of a process. One awaits his next venture with equally pleasurable anticipation. (De Menasche Gallery, Israel Museum).

"NEW PRINTS" is a heartwarming show of graphics produced by five different artists at this printshop; and is a demonstration, *inter alia*, of how a creative printer can help the artist to produce fascinating variations, not only on a theme, but from identical plates. One delightful result of this cooperation is a multi-dimensional vase of flowers by David Gerstein, showing how a series of flat prints on this theme, each rendered in a different approach to drawing (or if you like, to painting), and each charming in itself, can also be combined into a

free-standing, self-supporting, decorative painted fun sculpture.

Another example is a lithograph of a glade by Shaul Shatz, printed in four different ways, with as many as seven colours to some of the prints; one set in particular has all the sensitivity of an original painting-cum-drawing.

Larry Abramson shows a number of subtle prints containing private signs that form a non-figurative landscape. Abramson achieves depth through both overprinting and linear effects that create a gentle perspective, so that one is led into his private landscape. These works achieve everything this artist failed to do with a recent set of acrylics on canvas devoted to not dissimilar pictorial ideas (and currently on show at the Jerusalem Artists House).

Other pleasant surprises are various prints by David Reeb, who seems to be able to say more as graphic artist than he can as a painter, for he essentially paints along graphic lines. In contrast to his typical serial portraits of Rav Aluf Levy, he also offers two completely different versions of a more conservative but attractive lithograph of a vase of flowers. Again, the subtleties of the printing (*ergo*, the printer) are a delight.

Finally, Pamela Levy weighs in with some woodcuts of male and female nude bathers. They are too literal — and stiff — in drawing to be really interesting, but her line and colour help carry them off. Collaging two different prints adds nothing; Levy should aim for a more reductive simplicity.

The show is accompanied by an attractive hand-printed catalogue. (Jerusalem Print Workshop-Florence Miller Art Center, Rehov Shvete Yisrael, J'lem). Till Jan. 10.

FOLLOWING ALL the grisly news from Madrid airport, Clive James's aphorism, that a good flight is one on which you arrive, assumes particular relevance. Certain tribesmen have turned in the past to totems. Perhaps Debbie Daleski is also seeking protection with her current installations at the foyer of the Bezalel Academy's art department. The Bezalel has just launched this season's series of shows by graduates; first off is Daleski and Rose Jacobson. Daleski's "Flight Totem" consists of serial drawings of kites and model planes, with plastic models placed in basins at the base. Opposite is her aptly titled "Landing Maze," in which a series of purple landing lights wind themselves around one of the gallery's pillars; suspended overhead are collaged plastic "kites." It all symbolises, in a rather decorative way, the bewildering situation on the ground and the conglomeration of conglomerates in the air. The hieratic kites are colourfully joyful, the maze rather too orderly. The menace is absent. "Maze" is as cheery as a stewardess offering you a cocktail.

Rose Jacobson explores the interesting idea that sound waves can be drawn in the air: her flight of painted plaster geese (floorbound as it happens) project their angular honkings heavenward in a cacophony of coloured metal rods. In a second floor piece, a tiny screen-wire man throws a screen-wire shadow that rises into a

mythical figure — of screen-wire. The light and shading work well; so does the idea, but neater finish would have helped. A third piece has been seen before (at a nearby Shelter show): a Romulus-like man warms his hands at a (anthropological?) fire beneath an enormous wolf; both are archetypal.

Despite the thoughtfulness of this show, one is struck by the realization of how quickly this sort of thing has become old hat; styles of half a century ago suddenly seem more interesting, less mannerist. Such are the wiles of that fickle mistress, art history. (Bezalel Fine Arts Department, 68 Yermiyahu, J'lem). 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Till Dec. 26.

RUTH REICH shows large acrylic paintings of posed women, painted in a manner that seems at least partly derived from the returned-gaze frankness of women painted by veteran American artist Alice Neel. Like Neel, Reich makes no attempt to flatter; and no attempt at modelling the flat and brutally frank delineations of the sitter. The commendable unwillingness to flatter is however, rather offset by the cheerfully ingratiating colour, much of it as flat as a poster. Reich escapes being posterish by resorting to the Fauvist trick of arbitrarily changing the colour of facial planes and by overpainting, scumbling and generally loosening gestures and edges, though some of this deteriorates to an impression of carelessness. Reich nevertheless has a good sense of picture making; a little more attention to muddy passages and a little more care with draughtsmanship and delineation via colour, would make her attractive pictures appear just a little more solid. (Shatz Gallery, Rehov Schatz, J'lem). Till Dec. 27.

SHLOMO BEN-LULLU (b. Morocco, 1954, here since 1963) has studied both at the Avni Institute and the Tel Aviv School of Art and he clearly knows what he is about, though this seems to be his first one-man show. Ben-Lullu takes three cyphers for apartment buildings and produces variations on a theme of architectural renderings, presented as paintings on canvas or as collages on painted plywood. These comprise assimilated tricks of the trade; and it is only in his more abstracted gestural painting that the artist gets to grips with colour (mostly cleverly low-toned, mixing complementaries on the palette) and exercises a genuine freedom of handling. There is also a dramatic expressionist landscape, nicely brought off through unusual composition and tonal contrast. An uneven but promising start.

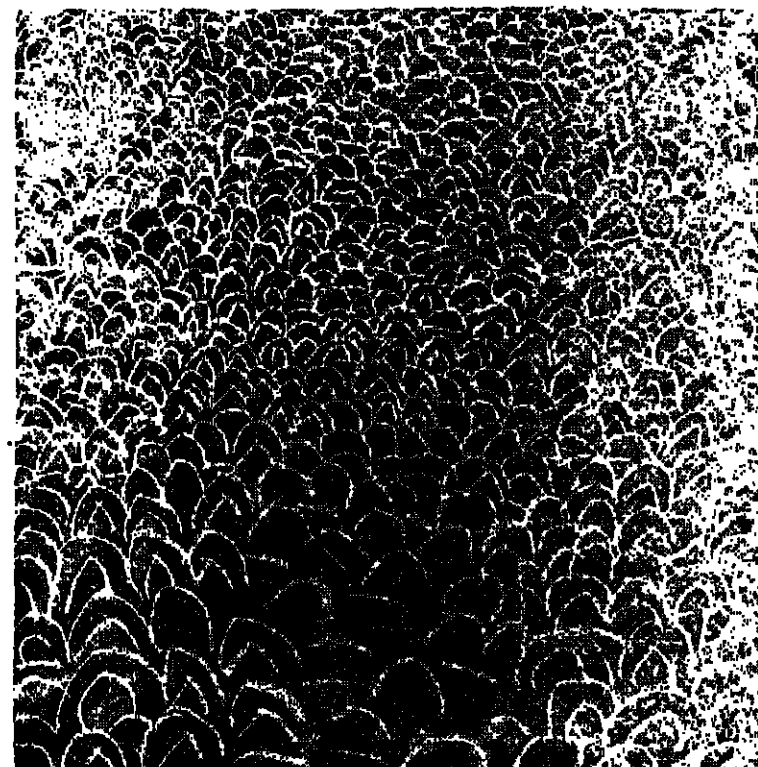
AT THE SAME venue, Nissim Dalia (b. Hadera, 1952) shows too obviously self-taught oils of nudes and genre scenes in Europe and the Americas (like so many other young Israelis emerging from three years service in a combat unit, he has been away seeing the world). He is at present studying environmental design. But he needs basic instruction in colour harmony and draughtsmanship to further his gifts for observation. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery For New Artists). Till Dec. 31.



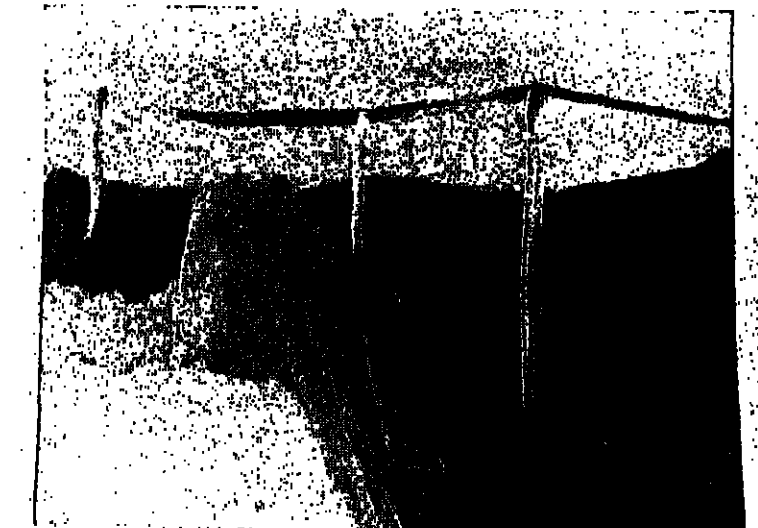
Pamela Levy: woodprint.



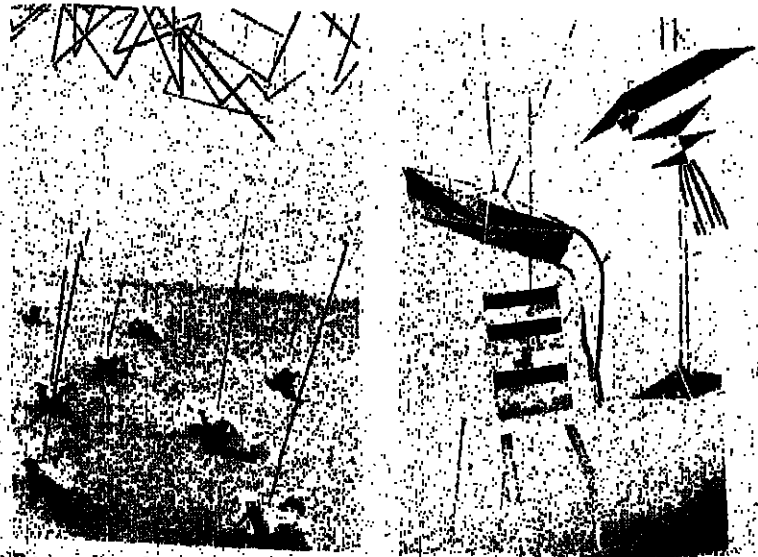
David Gerstein: screenprint.



Larry Abramson: screenprint (J'lem Print Workshop).



Shlomo Ben-Lullu: painting (J'lem Theatre Gallery).



Rose Jacobson: installation (Bezalel Academy).

Debbie Daleski: "Landing Maze": detail.

Compact delights

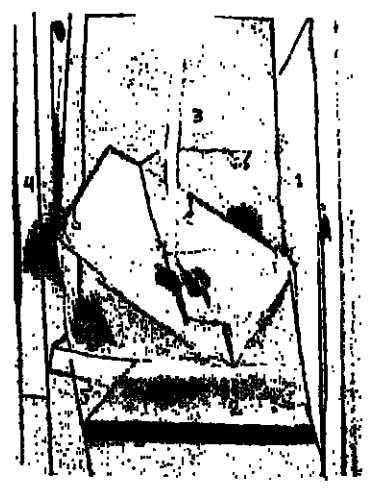
Gil Goldfine

DEJA VU correctly describes Michael Druks's newest range of abstract mixed-media paintings. Small, compact and marvellously coloured, Druks's zany-cum-surrealist compositions are chock full of shadows, innuendoes, hints and relics: a kaleidoscope of vaguely familiar objects and scenes one can easily associate with but not be perfectly sure about.

After several years of environmental and conceptual studies, which relied heavily on a combination of collage and pigment, Druks appears to have returned to the direct response, artist vs. surface. His current paintings are refreshing and intuitively vibrant, signs that a creative and imaginative mind has been set free.

With pieces of cardboard files as the backing, each panel develops a life of its own. Space is handled either as a flat surface, a shallow box or an endless horizon. Colour can be local, descriptive, expressive or decorative. The essential subjects (shapes) are either drawn or brushed in an "unnatural" fashion. It is the alterations and the inconsistencies that take place and not the submission to creating variations on a theme that is the key to Druks's success.

Along the way the viewer will find a pinch of Klee, then Kandinsky. Even Picasso and Duchamp appear



Michael Druks: Mixed media painting. (Julie M. Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Jacob Eisenscher: Oil on canvas. (Rosenfeld Gallery, Tel Aviv).

when Druks zeroes in on mechanical or technological subjects. Despite the overall zest and clarity of these pictures, one is still drawn into the frame to examine, at close quarters, little details and fine lines, elements that intensify and support the larger concept. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv).

UNTIL HIS death in 1980, Jacob Eisenscher maintained a position of importance here both as a painter and as a teacher. A memorial exhibit emphasizes his particular style, best described as combining crusty surfaces with heavy overpainting and a descriptive line, all this coopted from both analytical cubism and German expressionism. Eisenscher's series, "Old City Gate" is drawn with a structural base resembling a planular zigzag and tinted with lighting effects that place it in a theatrical mode.

Eisenscher, although not a masterly painter, injected his can-

vases with a particular character. He fostered the concept of inside-outside; and opened closed architectural forms to expose and activate the figurative subjects in the composition; and then topped them with airy skies and clouds. Shapes, carved and often sculptural in their interplay, are strengthened by linear contours that build a pattern of geometric planes and angles. (Rosenfeld Gallery, 147 Dizengoff, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 25.

NAFTALI GOLOMB this time gets further afield than painting realistic pictures bordering on illusion, his challenge of the last few years. He has now focused on two themes, creating works in techniques and styles to satisfy each of them. The result is an uneven exhibit in which highpoints are over shadowed by the overpowering mediocrity of the majority of the works.

Golomb could not have chosen a more problematic emblem than that of Coca Cola, his main subject. One

Gordon auction drop

THE 13th Gordon Gallery Auction, conducted in Tel Aviv on the evening of Dec. 5, resulted in a total sale figure well below the auctioneer's forecast. The estimated revenue hovered around \$540,000 but as the last hammer came down bidding totalled only \$350,000, a full 20 per cent off the mark.

Of the 450 paintings, drawings and prints placed on the block, 270 were sold, representing only 70 per cent of the lots (against the usual average of 85 per cent).

Because of the current financial squeeze, institutions and major private investors and collectors did not make sizeable purchases.

Banks, usually important bidders, were noticeably absent.

A Gordon Gallery spokesman remarked that many new collectors joined the auction ranks this time and that prices for quality works maintained past standards. The international favourites, Picasso, Chagall, Pascin et al, as well as important locals like Zaritsky, Streichman, Stematsky, Janco and Rubin, maintained their prices. Surprise falls were tacked onto pictures by Bergner, Paldi, Tepler and Hofstatter.

The next Gordon Auction will be held in May.

GIL GOLDFINE

Teachers' lessons

Ephraim Harris

ARTISTS AT the Art Department, University of Haifa present a joint show. As these artists are staff members, they nearly equal the number of media represented. In any event, first place must be awarded to Koretzki's twin colour photographs of a military cemetery. The subject is the very beautiful gardening, which permits him to create two curved perspectives, thereby heightening the layout's regularity. Another photographer, this time in black-and-white, is Omer, whose dilapidated buildings are now routine; her best shot, from her nursery school series, shot from an elevation, conveys a pseudo-impression of a busy urban street with a charm suited to the series.

In the pictorial section, Markson's coloured graphics draw the eye; despite her general title of "Grasses", the colours of the three-piece aquatint look as if they hail from the outer edges of an object in space. Eisenwasser-Jancourt's huge blue framed acrylic of a person at the entrance to a room empty save for a yellow strip down a wall, is worked out in such precise proportions as to justify its claim to spatialism; simultaneously, its pensiveness grows on one. Then two draughtsmen; Bar-Adon's



Abraham Ofek: "Large Family," bronze (University of Haifa).



Ofer Lalosh: "Untitled, wash" ("Graphics 3" Gallery, Haifa).

demonstrations of still life, each beginning from its outline and thence evolving to its fullest shading, thereby stressing significant motifs; and Katz's pastels and gouaches of male and female nudes, in which various styles can be perceived, many cheekily humorous, others more formal, e.g. the two classical Greek women.

Cohn's mixed-media abstractions in three related colours viz. light grey, vertical white lines on black, and similarly horizontal, do not reveal any particular conception.

The bodies of the sole ceramist, Redlich, especially in the didactic cross-sections displayed, are well turned but her colour is not up to the mark, often cheapening the ware. Braklin's plywood tools, called "out of context" (as a group setting or individually?) are noteworthy for their fresh colouring.

Now for the sculpture proper. Ullman's "Crash Landing," plywood and earth cast, consists of two unequal motifs placed only partly symmetrically to each other, as if defying gravity and upsetting space, an effect which always has appeal.

Last, but certainly not least, is Robbins' big "Post Nuclear Landscape" (basalt and copper). It could be didactic or a warning. As it is entirely black, it is too much to presume that the passing viewer can recognize in it also the birth of something new. As it is, it is a very fine environmental piece, of the scene just after complete obliteration of life (Art Gallery, University of Haifa).

Offer Lalosh shows mostly etchings and pastels on the theme of the male. The first of two subjects treats the headless nude torso in all its physical strength and at times as if confined, as in 16 where lines extend to become cell walls. Three big acrylics, in monochrome grey, include a complete figure displaying a trial of his personal vigour and, incidentally, drawing attention to his second subject, competent male portraiture, chiefly small etched heads. Lalosh is a talented painter but, at least at present, limited in range. Both his coloration and drawing tend to the dark side. ("Graphics 3" Gallery, Haifa). Till Dec. 24.

YOHANAN BEN-YA'AQOV (Hazorca) has scaled new heights with his latest brown wood sculpture. Untitled, they are open to one's own interpretation. Two are undoubtedly abstract, one a small routine piece, the larger one more impressive; a huge perpendicular sheaf of slender planks slightly bent as if by a faint breeze. Two others in realist motifs, one topped by a medieval ship (the only independent motif) and both built up by a complex series of tools, spare parts, a heart, wooden braces to hold horizontals together, etc., each placed together in its pre-calculated place for sculptural unity, must also be rated abstract. Another lack is a flat, decorative panorama of a city. (The Municipality, Haifa). Till Dec. 17.

AKIVA RESNICK presents paintings and drawings. The ink drawings, particularly three "Abstracts," easily justify this exhibition for their spatial composi-

The Jerusalem Post regrets that it cannot accept invitations to exhibitions at hotels or private homes.

TO BE HONEST, *Cutter's Way* is not the kind of film usually recommended for a nice evening's entertainment. As a matter of fact, linking movies to "show business" or "entertainment" is totally out of place in this case. That may be one of the reasons director Ivan Passer has such a hard time playing his trade in America.

Passer, a Czech, is a long-time friend of Milos Forman. Both started during the ill-fated Prague Spring, and both decided, after Dubcek's demise, that they preferred capitalist freedom of expression to communist ease of production. Since the late Sixties, Passer and Forman have been struggling to get ahead in the American film industry.

Fifteen years later, Forman seems to have managed to establish his own niche. But Passer, after his fifth picture in America, is still considered — and will probably remain — an outsider.

In seeking to understand why Forman is a success while Passer is a relative failure, it is sufficient to note the basic difference in their attitude towards life in general, and people in particular. Forman is an optimist who likes his fellow men, and believes that their innate goodness will prevail. Passer is a pessimist, who has long despaired of man. Through Passer's eyes, the future looks terribly bleak and unpromising.

His comedies are acid (the first he ever made in America, *Born to Win*, concerned a drug addict); his thrillers are morbid (to wit, *See No Evil*). And his tendency to ignore plot, as if it had no importance by itself and is required just for the real interesting things to be hung upon, is far from satisfying in the eyes of an audience trained to believe that nothing is more relevant in a story than who has done what to whom, when and how.

TO SAY THAT Passer has not fulfilled the promise of his young days in Prague is superfluous. He has never been given a real chance to do so. The films he has made were all acquired second-hand, after more reliable directors dropped out. All those films were pretty tame fare, and all his efforts to pull them his own peculiar way were only partly successful.

And yet, *Cutter's Way* — which fell in Passer's lap only after Robert Mulligan and Mark Rydell, both directors with sound commercial background, had left it, is by far the most interesting picture to reach our screens in a long while. It is also the most accomplished and rounded of Passer's films since he left his native land.

This does not mean that you should rush this minute to see it, before you are well advised what is in store. For *Cutter's Way* is one of the blindest, most vitriolic attempts ever to blow up the American dream and the Hollywood myths that surround it. And it is an attempt that works so well that you will have to leave the cinema dissatisfied with yourself, with the characters you have watched on the screen, troubled with the image they projected, and forced to muse upon the whole thing for a long time.

If you are prepared to face the challenge, get ready for a mystery that nobody dares to solve, for heroes who aren't even anti-heroes, for a version of *Coming Home* that throws all the cute romantic niceties of the Hal Ashby movie out of the window, for a remake of the *Four Friends* themes which goes much further than Arthur Penn ever

Cutting edge



Jeff Bridges and John Heard in "Cutter's Way." Ivan Passer's unflattering portrait of California-style America.

CINEMA Dan Fainaru

dared to tread. It doesn't respect even that old established American institution of male friendship, and doesn't care enough to offer a beach party at the end as a palliative to everything that preceded it.

It is hard to believe that an American director would ever go so far to sully the splendid ideals on which he was brought up. It takes a European — from that old disillusioned, decadent continent — to be that crude and uncompromising. For Passer here follows in the footsteps of Erich von Stroheim who in *Footish Wives* (1921) stubbornly demanded that an abscence be opened in close-up, just to symbolize the sort of society he was dealing with.

INDEED, Passer doesn't shrink from any details. One of his protagonists, Alexander Cutter, is a Vietnam veteran who has come home with one eye, one good hand and one foot. Which does not prevent him from stripping off every bit of clothing in front of the camera — except for the eye-patch and a pair of shorts. And yet Passer's talent is such, that when one watches this scene, one doesn't even think of camera trickery (which is obvious,

because actor John Heard is a very handsome, full-bodied person).

This is just one example of Passer's uncompromising approach to his subject. And it explains the remarkable results. From the very first frame he shuns the pretty, picturesque, the handsome and the self-content. His whole movie is a parade of carefully-built symbols, to be read with care and pondered upon later.

The first sequence already puts the audience in the mood. A slow-motion, black-and-white carnival flutters on the screen in a kind of ominous festivity, as if it were a Georg Grosz portrait of human happiness. This can be taken as an image of ever-celebrating America in the eyes of a disenchanted European who hasn't found the reason for celebration. Next, there is another disappointing image: to strike you, when the typical all-American fair-haired boy, Richard Bone (personified here by Jeff Bridges) is zipping up his pants after

black people "niggers," hoping to ignite some sort of trouble, which will give the semblance of sense in his life.

Passer proceeds to turn each scene into a symbolical stage for the disintegration of the American dream, all the way to the closing shot. There's no need here to go into detail.

But I must elaborate on the general lines. First, there is a third person to deal with, Cutter's long suffering and compassionate wife Mo (Lisa Eichorn), torn between the furious passions of her maimed husband and the reticent non-commitment of his best friend, Bone. Her only refuge is a constant alcoholic daze, out of which she emerges even more despairing than when she entered.

THE PLOT concerns Cutter's conviction that he knows who is to blame for the alley murder. The person he picks is none other than the most powerful person in the valley, oil magnate J.J. Cord. Since there is nothing he can do directly against such a formidable and ruthless person, whom Cutter considers responsible not only for this specific murder but also for all the evils that befall America, from capitalism to Vietnam, he plans to blackmail him with the help of Bone and the victim's sister. He does so not for profit, but just to punish the evil and restore justice.

And what happens, you may ask, to the inbred moral spirit of the American film hero? This is exactly the point. Morals are dead and buried, according to Passer, and whatever is left is nothing more than a mockery of the original. For once you accept blackmail as a moral tool, all the parameters of good and evil have been thrown to the winds.

Not to mention the fact that there is very little left to believe in, between the disfigured Cutter, who seeks revenge on society and the Bone drop-out attitude, running away from every problem and crisis instead of facing up to it, as far as the American male is concerned. The alternative is roly-poly Georgie, the well-integrated, well-paid, docile member of the establishment, who feels a responsibility towards Cutter. But Georgie is a pathetic figure, jovial to the point of being silly, abused by everybody around him, afraid of his own shadow, enslaved to middle-class values of property as the supreme value in life. Those are exactly the things Cutter despises and rejects.

All this is shot in dark, unflattering hues by Jordan Cronenweh, who has accurately guessed Passer's intentions and has avoided any hint of California as land of glamour. It is acted in a stark, angry, despondent way by John Heard, an actor who is much better than the opportunities he is offered on screen. The same can be said of Jeff Bridges, who is no less handsome than Richard Gere, but seems to be less prone to making a fool of himself. For this Hollywood rewards him, more often than not, by passing over him. And Lisa Eichorn, a young and ambitious actress who had the guts to leave some expensive show pieces because they did not fit in with her requirements, gives Mo a dimension of pain, suffering and limitless despair, that have seldom been so convincingly portrayed on screen.

All in all, if *Cutter's Way* doesn't promise much fun, it is doubtless a most edifying movie, bound to become a milestone in future, for anyone curious about the image of America in the Eighties.

THERE HASN'T been a single divorce among the couples living at Kibbutz Yavne in the 42 years since it was founded.

This startling assertion, which was made this month by one of the kibbutz's leaders, suggests that Yavne — the country's largest religious settlement — has either overcome the laws of nature or learned extraordinarily well to adjust to them.

It has, moreover, managed to avoid the ideological angst being experienced by the country's secular kibbutzim, to lower the religious drop-out rate among its youngsters and to provide officers for the army at a rate that might be higher than that of secular kibbutzim.

Detailing these achievements over coffee in the kitchen of his apartment in Yavne, Avraham Stein cited Jewish heritage as the principal factor in the kibbutz's spiritual well-being.

"Our heritage is not Marx, it's Maimonides," said Stein. "We never underwent an ideological crisis even during the time of Stalin's unmasking. Even though there's been a shift to the right all over the western world, we haven't experienced it."

For religious kibbutzniks, he said, belief in the value of labour derives not from the writings of Zionist labour theoreticians like A.D. Gordon but from the Bible. "In the very first sentence of the Bible, God creates, and that means work."

In the spirit of the Christian *imitatio Dei* (imitation of God) and of the Hebrew *ma hu rachum, of a rachum* (if He is merciful be thou also merciful), said Stein, Creation was a divine example to be emulated by man.

Settling the land, he added, is also a Jewish principle spelled out by Nachmanides, who preached "yishuv v'ibnyan ha'aretz" (settling and building the land).

AVRAHAM STEIN lit his own cigarette despite the fact that he lost his hands a few weeks after the Yom Kippur War, when a defective mine he was laying in the sands near Beluz in Sinai went off.

With the prosthetic devices that serve as hands, he was swift and dextrous in removing the cigarette from the pack, inserting it in his mouth, removing a match from the matchbox and striking it. "There are only about a dozen of us bilateral amputees in Israel," he noted matter-of-factly.

In his own vibrant and cheerful personality, seemingly unflayed by the personal calamity that befell him, Stein appeared to epitomize the spiritually integrated nature of the religious kibbutz he had been describing. Raised in New York and a graduate of Yeshiva University, he immigrated to Israel in 1968 and settled directly in Yavne where he became a garage mechanic. A month before the 1973 war, he was assigned to teaching Talmud and Jewish philosophy in the high school serving religious kibbutzim in the area. He teaches there still and also in the yeshiva of the religious kibbutz movement in Alumim. Until recently, he was chairman of the movement's political committee, but politics, at least National Religious Party politics, is something he is happy to be away from.

There are 16 religious kibbutzim in all, three of them across the green line. The fact that there are not more there, said Stein, is not an indication of political direction but a result of the need for religious kibbutzim to establish blocs, rather

Maimonides, not Marx

'In the very first sentence of the Bible, God creates. And that means work,' says Avraham Stein, explaining how a religious kibbutz works to ABRAHAM RABINOVICH.



than isolated settlements, in order to share schools. Although there are some doves in the religious kibbutz movement, most members are right of centre. However, the overall tendency is less to the right than Gush Emonim.

FOUNDED in 1941 by a group of largely German immigrants, Yavne has a population of about 1,000 including 400 members, children, ulpan students and youths on *hachshara* (pioneer training). Unlike most kibbutzim, Yavne bases its economy almost entirely on agriculture. It has the largest chicken incubator operation in the country, 4,200 dunams of cotton and 380 milk cows.

Sabbath restrictions call for extensive readjustments on an Orthodox-run farm. "The Halacha recognizes that certain things must be done, even on Shabbat," said Stein. "You've got to milk the cows so as not to cause them pain, but the

milking switch can be turned on automatically. We have to feed the chickens, but we don't have to collect the eggs until after Shabbat. We used to put sprinklers on before Shabbat and turn them off afterwards, but now we have a pre-programmed system that turns itself on and off according to need. I think that despite the Sabbath restrictions, religious kibbutzim are the most viable economically."

To cope with the vulnerable cotton crop, which must be harvested in a relatively short time before the rains, Yavne has acquired five combines while a secular kibbutz, which works on Shabbat, would make do with three or four.

The extent of personal religiosity is not uniform — some members appear to adhere to the requirements more out of conformity than inner compulsion. Nevertheless, the Jewish religion, with its ethics and commandments, is what gives Yavne its tone. This is reflected not

only in the large synagogue but in the nuances of family life, which remains a supreme value at the kibbutz despite its communal nature. "At Yavne, we eat lunch on Shabbat in the [communal] dining hall," says Stein, "but we pray early so that we can have a family breakfast in our apartments."

It is not unusual for kibbutz youngsters to slide away from religion somewhat during their army service when they have their first close encounter with the secular world, but they generally revert to their former ways after their return to a religious atmosphere. "Forty years ago as many as 25 per cent of our youngsters stopped being religious," said Stein. "Today the figure is much smaller."

Unlike in *hesder* yeshivas, where the students dividing their time between the study hall and the army spend less than two years in uniform, the religious kibbutz move-

ment insists that its young men spend the entire three years in uniform and that its young women serve as well.

"We're ambivalent about the *hesder* programme," said Stein. "We don't believe religion is an excuse to free yourself from responsibilities... But we recognize that many boys wouldn't go to the army at all were it not for the *hesder* programme."

Recently, a group of pre-service youngsters from a religious kibbutz in the Beit Shean Valley asked that a *hesder* programme be arranged for them but insisted that it include a full three years in uniform. The kibbutz movement has made the necessary arrangements with the Defence Ministry and the extended *hesder* programme — a five-year commitment for those choosing it — will be made available to all religious kibbutz youngsters.

"For us," said Stein, "religion is not a cop out." □

(Top) Avraham Stein among Yavne's 'shikuntim'. (Below) Library. (Right) Tora study at Tirat Zvi, a religious kibbutz in the Beit Shean valley, in 1946.



TRANSPOSE: the solemn into the familiar, and the result is parody." (Bergum). Transpose the familiar into the solemn, and the result is academic criticism." (Sanford Pisker, in his essay on Mel Brooks in *From Hester Street to Hollywood*.)

With its knowledgeable and high-minded tone, this book constitutes academic criticism. It contains the kind of ponderous and thoughtful essays to be found in the quarterlies. They are almost humourless, even when the subject is stand-up comedy or Woody Allen. But they do redress the balance with precise analysis, acerbity of description, copious information, and the full-blooded Jewish and American intensity of it all. So this is a stimulating book for anyone interested in theatre and cinema, Jewish life and values, American and general culture.

Jewish-American theatre came into being a hundred years ago, just a few years after the birth of the East European Yiddish theatre. It has gone through many stages, which are here recorded lovingly and sanely (how very Jewish!). It started as ethnic entertainment and has become an all-American art form that deals with universal values, and it converts the Jew into a "culture hero" (Philip Roth, quoted p.265). It has done much more: "In fact what is most Jewish about [Woody Allen films] is what is most American about them. The Jews, having found a home in the heart of the American middle-class, have also inherited its conflicts: ambition vs. ethical probity; commerce vs. spirit, family vs. career..." (p.239); furthermore, since the Jew was "a day older in history than everybody else..." (Robert Warshaw), "in the crisis context of the moment, the Jew provided the model of a survival kit for the future of Americans who wanted to learn how to live beyond their own historical innocence; he was Europe's Job to America's Adam" (p. 266).

I COULD GO on quoting indefinitely; the book is full of wise remarks (alas, no wisecracks, even with all those Jewish comedians around). On pp. 107-108, Bonnie Lyons gives a concise and fascinating summary of the meaning of *Yiddishkeit* (based



Michael Freedland's "The Warner Brothers" (Harrop, £8.95) tells how Jack, Abe, Sam and Harry parlayed a shoemaker's last in Youngstown, Ohio, into a major Hollywood studio. Though they personified the cliché of the self-made tycoon, the brothers introduced the talkies, musicals and gangster films as well as Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart and Rin Tin Tin.

Forever Broadway

FROM HESTER STREET TO HOLLYWOOD: The Jewish-American Stage and Screen, ed. Sarah Blacher Cohen. Bloomington, Indiana University Press. 278 pp. \$28.13.

Uri Rapp

on Leslie Fiedler's analysis) embodied in what the immigrants brought with them, and the shape it took in America. This is an important summary, for it does not discuss "Judaism" but a specific mentality and set of character traits, and all set down in one page; and it demonstrates that Lillian Hellman was not, even if she was born, a Jew.

The reader encounters the familiar Jewish geography — the Lower East Side, the Upper West Side, the Bronx and Brooklyn, and forever Broadway; legitimate theatre, black-face "minstrelism," vaudeville, stand-up comedy, problem play, folk drama, musical, films, etc.; and the Jewish experience, mainly expressed in the three A's: alienation, acculturation,

assimilation. These themes are treated separately but recur also as aspects of the general scene throughout these essays.

This book is one of the few works which really take seriously the question of what is specifically Jewish in these plays and films and nightclub jokes, as distinct from the biological fact that Jews were the writers and performers. The entire book must be read to arrive at a satisfactory answer. Each writer provides his own perspective, and that of his subject, but there is an overall, and surprising, unanimity.

The book evokes a great many colourful and intriguing characters: Sholom Aleichem and Saul Bellow, Fanny Brice and Sophie Tucker, George Jessel and Al Jolson, George Gershwin and Clifford Odets, Milton Berle and Lenny Bruce, Arthur Miller and Jules Feiffer, Neil Simon and Isaac Bashevis Singer, Groucho Marx and Barbra Streisand. Nor should the long line of Jewish mamas, both in the artists' lives and on the stage, be ignored. The social and cultural background is painted in: the *shtetl* and the "old country," the Lower

East Side, the bilingual lives, the Depression, the ascent into the middle class, the Catskills and the *horsh* belt, and the omnipresent hero — New York City.

There are three interesting points that crop up at this point. The first is the persistent rabbinical opposition to the theatre, briefly referred to by Nahma Sandrow in her "Yiddish Theater and American Theater." The second is the fact that there seems to have been no Israeli theatrical influence on American Jewish theatre. Israel's name does crop up once or twice but not in the context of Jewish theatre. The third point is the paucity of plays and films about the Holocaust. Lawrence L. Langer contributes a thoughtful and scalding essay on this subject. To my mind, his is the most important and significant piece in the book, though it makes painful reading.

IT IS difficult to comment on all the essays in this collection, so I will just refer to those I most enjoyed: the introductory essays by the editor and by Nahma Sandrow; "The Jew in Stand-Up Comedy" by Anthony Lewis; Alan Spiegel's "Typology of the Jew in the Contemporary American Film;" and the Holocaust essay I have referred to already (*enjoyed* is scarcely the right word in connection with this piece).

It is a pity that a comprehensive book of this kind does not include an index, a list of Jewish artists with their relevant dates, a list of plays and companies, and perhaps statistics about performances and attendance.

I cannot resist ending this review with a passage from Alfred Kazin, quoted in Mark Slobin's essays on "Jews, Music and Theater": "The positive, creative role of the Jews as modern Americans, and above all as modern American writers, was in the first years of this century being prepared, not in the universities, not even in journalism, but in the vaudeville theaters, music halls, and burlesque houses, where the pent-up eagerness of penniless immigrant youngsters met the raw urban scene on its own terms." From the *shtetl* *badkhon* and the *horsh* belt to paradigm of modern man, and with a Nobel Prize or two thrown in. Quite a feat! □

Explorers

THE REDISCOVERY OF THE HOLY LAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Yehoshua Ben-Arieh. Second Edition. Jerusalem, The Magnes Press, the Hebrew University and the Israel Exploration Society. 266 pp. Price not stated.

Susan Hattis Rolef

THE PRESENT book was written with two aims in mind: a) to tell the story of the exploration of the Land of Israel in the 19th century; and b) to give the student of the history of the Holy Land a guided survey of the major works on the historical geography of the country written by 19th century travellers, explorers and historians.

Yehoshua Ben-Arieh divides his period into five parts: 1799-1831, which opens with Napoleon's invasion of Palestine; 1831-40, the period of Egyptian rule when exploration was for the first time officially condoned; 1840-56, the return of Turkish rule when the European powers started to be represented in the country through diplomatic mission and religious establishments; 1856-65, in the wake of the Crimean War. This was the decade of great individual explorers and finally 1865-77, which saw the beginnings of more systematic exploration.

Probably, Ben-Arieh — who is both a geographer and an historian — is the only person who could put such a book together. He knows the country like the palm of his hand, and, in addition, is sufficiently familiar with the detail of 19th century Palestinian history to provide a fluent and intelligent survey of the process of rediscovery, exploration and reporting. To the layman all this detail may look like an exotic jungle but one in which he can easily find himself lost if he hasn't a good guide. Especially now that so many of the old Palestinian books are being republished (some in Hebrew translation), Ben-Arieh's illuminating essay is highly welcome.

HIS BOOK is full of contemporary illustrations, mostly lithographs, but with a few early photographs. Each illustration is accompanied by a short commentary. As to the text, its strength is also its weakness. Since it lists all the major explorers, describes their travels and their works, and evaluates their contribution to the study of the Holy Land, it suggests a directory, and is therefore a little difficult to read cover to cover. If I had the time I would like to use it as a guide for the systematic reading of the best 19th century books about Palestine.

One fascinating piece of information I picked up in this book concerns the 14-volume work of the German geographer and historian, Carl Ritter, which "is characterized by its scientific approach, surpassing all that preceded it," and makes use "of all the previously published literature — the Old and New Testaments, Josephus and Philo of Alexandria, the Talmud, Medieval Christian writings, the works of Arab geographers, as well as the accounts of pilgrims and travellers." Ritter himself, however, "never visited Palestine. His vast achievement must thus be credited to a fine intuitive sense, and a full mastery and detailed knowledge of the literature." □

IT WAS Winston Churchill who termed the British Expeditionary Force's showing in France in May 1940 "a colossal military disaster," and observed of Dunkirk that "wars are not won by evacuations."

Or as a German military magazine, *Der Adler*, put it at the time: "For us Germans the word 'Dunkirchen' will stand for all time for victory in the greatest battle of annihilation in history."

Nonetheless, it was a miracle, it captivated and uplifted the British, and braced them for the expected German invasion and the Battle of Britain. Moreover, the successful evacuation from the beaches and port of Dunkirk of some 340,000 Britons (and Frenchmen) preserved the professional core of an army which, several years later, would put the Wehrmacht to flight in North Africa and Normandy. By rights, these hundreds of thousands of men should have been dead or in German prison camps. Churchill had predicted that only some 30,000 men would be rescued.

A NUMBER of people have written about Dunkirk, most recently Nicholas Harman. But, in English at least, most of the accounts have been memoirs rather than histories.

Walter Lord provides a Cornelius Ryan treatment of the subject. He paints a spacious overall view of high policy and general staff decision-making, on both sides, and then zooms in on incidents on the beaches, in the port and along the defensive perimeter between May 26 and June 4. His collages are effective and well written, and convey the time, the place and the circumstances. It is the first clear account I have read of the logistics of the operation — how trawlers, tugs, ferries and yachts were mobilized and directed to the beaches.

His account is unvarnished. "My own feelings are rather of disgust," he quotes a soldier of the 67th Field Regiment Royal Artillery as saying.



Dreams of chivalry are conjured up by Christopher Rotha's "Medieval Military Dress 1066-1500" (Dauldord, \$12.95). Both knightly armour and the attire of the common soldiery are depicted in 86 figures accompanied by a lively text that is the very stuff of romance. A.B.

Miraculous defeat

THE MIRACLE OF DUNKIRK by Walter Lord. London, Allen Lane. 323 pp. £8.95.

CLANDESTINE OPERATIONS by Pierre Lorain. New York, Macmillan. 185 pp. \$24.95.

Benny Morris

"I saw officers throw their revolvers away... I saw soldiers shooting towards as they fought to be first in a boat."

A "debacle" and "a disgrace,"

said one III Corps man.

But it was the dispatch rider from the 4th Division who got it right. Dunkirk was evidence "that the British were an invincible people." Or as a Naval Shore Party signman observed, in a lower key, "Their courage made our job easy, and I was proud to have known them and to have been born of their generation."

After Dunkirk, it was appropriate for an Englishman to answer, when asked in the darkest days of the war whether he felt discouraged: "Of course not. We're in the finals and we're playing at home."

Lord describes lucidly how the

decision to evacuate was arrived at, of the initial "mild" deception of the French (they thought the retreat to Dunkirk was in order to set up a permanent foothold or enclave there for an Allied counter-offensive), and of how Churchill dispelled the ensuing distrust. (He insisted on the evacuation of an equal number of Frenchmen. A third of those evacuated were French, most of them rescued in the gruelling final hours of June 2-4.)

Lord is very good at detail. He tells how "one man, with studied indifference, stripped to his shorts and sunbathed among the rocks, reading a paperback" as the beach was being cratered by Luftwaffe bombs; of the hundreds of dogs — adopted by the BEF as pets — who were taken back to England with their masters; of a British colonel who ordered his men "to tidy up the beach a bit" before boarding their ships, so that the Germans, on arrival, would receive the impression of a still disciplined, formidable foe.

And he takes a look at the Germans. In one captured French airfield, the Luftwaffe pilots found abandoned French baby tanks (presumably Renaults, like the one the Syrians abandoned in Degania), and "spent a glorious hour chasing and running one another — it was like a giant dogfight concession at an amusement park."

PIERRE LORAIN's *Clandestine Operations* is a "handbook" on the "arms and techniques of the [French] Resistance, 1941-44."

It features many (somewhat unnecessary) diagrams of Smith & Wesson revolvers, Sterling bombers, PIATs, Mills grenades and even magnetic mines.

The chapter on cypher codes and direction finding, which is accompanied by diagrams ("half-size" scale) of transmitters and transceivers, is rather more useful for the serious student of World War II underground activities. □

Foursome

THE FOUR SECRETS by Renee Newman. Athens, Anglo-Hellenic Press. 174 pp. No price stated.

Judith Itunim

RENEE NEWMAN's second novel is notable for its narrative technique and the philosophy of life unfolded in its pages. It tells the story of four women friends living in the same neighbourhood. Each of them has a secret, a dark corner in the past which weighs down on her present life, a secret she neither wishes nor dares to reveal to the others. These women suffer and struggle alone, and in the course of the events described in the book they manage to solve their problems or else find a way to live with them.

The dramatis personae come to us as adults whose characters have already been formed, and the clue to understanding their personalities is found in their tastes, activities, preferences and social milieu. This here and now approach is in direct contrast to that adopted by those novelists who insist on psychological analysis of the characters, and specify the motivations and the events in their past which have an impact on their present behaviour. Empathy is required of their readers: in the case of Renee Newman's novel, the reader retains his objectivity throughout.

The themes of this novel include the role of religion in people's lives, and the dire results of too much self-revelation. Although the book suffers from a dearth of background description, and there are some loose ends and superfluous detail, I found in its challenge to the reader's mind a refreshing change from the stereotyped romantic novel. □

JEWISH sailors accompanied Columbus in 1492; Jews were among the earliest explorers and settlers of the New World; from bases all over the Americas, to which many of them seem to have come in order to escape the attentions of the Inquisition in Europe, secret Jews dominated significant parts of the trans-Atlantic trade of the day; they were close to government and many of them were prominent, as others were in the Old World, in the highest ranks of society.

But throughout the period up to the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when most of Spain's and Portugal's territories in the Americas became independent, the Holy Office was also active there. As in Europe, the inquisitors pursued and destroyed any remnants of Jews and of Judaism that they could trace.

The basic material for any study such as this is to be found in the files of the Inquisition, in South and Central America and elsewhere. It is of a kind, surely, to produce books of great colour and interest, informative studies of international trade and commerce, moving accounts of migrations, and useful sociological enquiries into the sort of society in

Dubious confession

NEW WORLD JEWRY, 1493-1825: Requiem for the Forgotten by Seymour B. Liebman. New York, Ktav Publishing House. 286 pp. \$20.

David Wasserstein

which secret Judaism was able to survive and at times even to flourish.

Many of the people who appear in these pages were daring and adventurous characters, both in their open, public lives as citizens and as traders, doctors, administrators, scholars and soldiers, and in their private lives as secret Jews (although it is not clear that all people of Jewish descent trapped by the Inquisition were in fact really loyal to their Jewish past; a great proportion of the confessions extorted by the inquisitors here, as elsewhere, were obtained by torture or the threat of it, and their reliability is therefore not unquestionable. Not all descendants of Jews are necessarily to be regarded, as they were by the Inquisition, as

loyally practising Jewish rituals in secret. The modern historian must not make the same mistake as the inquisitor).

GIVEN THE subject, and so much fascinating material, it would be difficult, it might be thought, to go wrong. But it is possible, and this book is the proof. In the first place, there are a number of small problems which raise doubts from the start: mis-spellings in maps, mis-translations from Spanish, and so on. But there are also more serious problems. The book sets out to present a broad history of the secret Jews in South America (the title suggests a grander sweep than is actually provided), until independence. A glance at the table of contents demonstrates this clearly, and promises a rich feast. Unfortunately, however, the link between the chapter titles and their contents is not of the tightest.

Further, the author seems to have worked on something like the index-card system: you have all your information on such cards; you

put them all in whatever order happens to please you; then you simply transfer their contents to the typed or printed page. There is scarcely any attempt to present the material in a structured and comprehensible order, or to link one piece of information with another. Facts, other people's interpretations, irrelevant *curiosos* (did you know, for example, that the word "nigger" is said to come from the Dutch "nikker"?), all are thrown at the reader in rich profusion and with an abandon which almost makes one wonder what the book is supposed to be about.

Moreover, there is another difficulty which renders this curiously mixed-up work totally useless for any serious reader, whether the scholar engaged in related studies or that mythical general reader for whom so many books are written. Although there is an almost ritualistic condemnation of the activities of the Inquisition repeated or implied every few pages or so, there is no attempt at all to understand these activities, to place them in any kind of context beyond that of normal Jew-hate, and there is no analysis at all of the material so inadequately presented to the disappointed and bewildered reader. □

A tone to return to

THE STORIES OF ELIZABETH SPENCER. Foreword by Eudora Welty. Harmondsworth, Penguin. 428 pp. £4.95.

UNLIKELY STORIES, MOSTLY by Alasdair Gray. Edinburgh, Canongate. 274 pp. £7.50.

Haim Chertok

What would a Faulknerian narrator have made of the revelation in "Sharon" that Uncle Herman had been sleeping with the coloured cook, ever since the death of Aunt Eileen? In "Sharon" the knowledge simply becomes part of the permanent education of the girl narrator. Only once, in a late story, "I, Maureen," is identity or sanity itself at issue. Spencer never sends forth a Quentin Compson to assault with righteousness the "non-guilty struggle of nature." Where, as in novella-length "Knights and Dragons," knowledge might prove destructive, she opts to leave intact a residue of illusion for her Jamesian protagonist.

IT SHOULD be plain the Elizabeth Spencer is professional to her manicured toenails. Over one-third of these stories were originally published in *The New Yorker*. Her descriptions are crisp. In "Prelude to a Parking Lot," Uncle Jess "was

so perfectly rounded-out that you couldn't tell how big he was at first, then it would dawn on you gradually and rather splendidly, like a sunrise." Her characters' reflections are acute. The girl at dinner in "Mr. McMillan" "noticed he was doing very well with her, if that's what he wanted, and evidently he did. From now on they would have a note, a tone to return to..."

And yet... Perhaps it was Eudora Welty's laudatory Foreword — "Welty who never left Mississippi, and who once published an important essay on 'The Sense of Place' — that got me to wondering why midway through this ample collection I began to fidget. Welty's stories in *A Curtain of Green* are amazing revelations not of the way things are but of how the way things seen dissolve. Whereas hers are luminous, too often Spencer's are merely successful, too much of "a tone to return to."

Of course, it's praise for Spencer that the call to evoke Welty arises at all. But there is a certain redundancy of tone, a want of intensity or vision — or both.

NO SHORTAGE of vision or invention in Alasdair Gray's highly eccentric *Unlikely Stories, Mostly*. The book's godfathers include Swift, Kafka, and Samuel (Rasselas) Johnson. The scene is more distant than Montreal: the mythological

present, the future, an "Eastern Empire." The mode, sharing no common terrain with this Spencer, is allegory and fantasy.

But that's less than half of it. *Unlikely Stories, Mostly* is a tattooed lady, sprinkled from cover to margins with doodlings, sketches, jokes, and illustrations from Gray's risible pen. Twiddling floorward when I opened the book fell an *Erratum* insert: "This slip has been inserted by mistake." Heh, heh — not bad, eh? For all I knew, the next page was a booby-trap poised to squirt me with indelible ink. Many of the stories by our Scottish madcap first appeared in boys' or college magazines. If you're inclined toward gay parables of Boobus Homosapiens on the path to self-destruction, or Fantasy Wisdom Literature, some of these stories seem sufficiently amusing and inventive.

It would be ungracious to conclude that, as a writer, Gray is a superb illustrator. The latter is certainly true, but "Five Letters from an Eastern Empire" (a Kafka pastiche) and "The Comedy of the White Dog" (Thurberish) are entertaining. Let's just say that Gray's jokebook ails from an excess of personality, a surfeit of snickering idiosyncrasy.

PIECES OF EIGHT

STEVENSON'S *Treasure Island* was published 100 years ago this month and earned him £100 from Cassell which, he said, was "a sight more than it was worth." A.B.

Aristocrat

THE DEMON LOVER by Victoria Holt. New York, Doubleday. 305 pp. \$12.95.

Jennie Tarabulus

VICTORIA HOLT proves she is still a top writer of romantic suspense in her latest novel. It is about a young English girl, a painter of miniatures, who catches the fancy of a haughty French Baron at his ancient Norman chateau where she is painting his portrait. Naturally the aristocrat is handsome, sensuous and so ruthless with women that even the heroine, intelligent and unimpressed with foreign royalty as she is, falls prey to his arrogant manliness and against her will bears him a child.

Fate intervenes. Paris is under siege in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, painters are out of jobs, and food is scarce. Enter the Baron, who rescues the starving heroine and child, and whisks them off to his Norman chateau. Tragically, his wife dies in a fall from a cliff and the mistress gets killed in the war. The now thoroughly chastened and reformed Baron is free to marry the heroine, and to claim his child.

For those not attracted by fantasies of unrequited love, Holt provides a glimpse of Bonapartism high-life at the turn of the Second Empire. □

THE SIX new titles from The Women's Press of London represent a variety of genres: sci-fi, mystery, tragedy, humour and drama. Although Shakespeare's sister is still not to be found among the authors, none of them reaches that level of writing which we might refer to as that of Harold Robbins's daughter.

Sheelagh Kanelli's *The Nets* is a serious, beautiful and tragic tale based on a real incident. In Greece, during the rule of the generals, 21 school girls drown during a school outing. An evocative, poetic, long short story.

Jill Miller writes in a more joyous tone. In *Happy as a Dead Cat*, a budding feminist leaves her chauvinist husband with the help of a liberated girlfriend, and, in a bow to real life, an understanding bank manager. The irresistible heroine of this first novel is a sassy, bright, brave working-class mother of five who never loses the capacity to laugh at herself or her situation. Might make for a nice, friendly flick.

On the other hand, Joan Barfoot's *Dancing in the Dark* is just

The Women's Press

THE NETS by Sheelagh Kanelli. £2.50.

HAPPY AS A DEAD CAT by Jill Miller. £2.50.

DANCING IN THE DARK by Joan Barfoot. £3.50.

Marjorie Mark

plain depressing. Alienated and out of touch with her own feelings, Edna, a goody-goody housewife, uses a more drastic method to shed her philandering hubby. She knocks him off. Well done, Edna! Well written, the book is an utterly grim portrait of a mad housewife.

Back in the old pre-liberation days, I used to search second hand book stores for yet another Nancy Drew detective novel to add to my collection. I still prefer her to Jessie,

the detective heroine of Dorothy Bryant's *Killing Wonder*. A murder in the Berkeley, California, feminist writers' scene makes for some witty observations of — or are they swipes at? — the local women writers. Most of the writers are so badly drawn that it's difficult keeping them apart, and most unforgivable of all is the device of the central clue, which is supernaturally transmitted to Jessie during a seance conducted by a book-writing

witch. The portrayal of emotional growth in the young detective is the novel's major saving grace.

INFORMATION transmission, via highly advanced method of mind reading, and witchcraft also feature in Sandi Hall's science fiction novel, *The Godmothers*. The general drift here seems to be that women in different eras suffer and die, apparently because men covet their superior intelligence. So what else is new? The book is imaginative, readable and fast-paced, but some of the characters are reduced to cartoons: the only men who appear are villains of varying degrees and the main baddie is so bad he even sticks his tongue out at yogurt and granola!

Best for last: Imagine 300 rabbits and a wild collection of marvellously drawn weirdos on a farm run by a part-Indian lesbian mother of six, who was born on the San Andreas fault. All right you don't want to, OK. But *Faultline* by Sheila Ortiz Taylor is a simply delicious, intelligently written story. Says the heroine, Arden Benbow, about her

first meeting with her former husband:

"So while Malthus was giving his forty-minute special on rotation, in my mind a battle raged silently. Part of me, maybe it was the poet part or the Indian part, wanted to tweak his nose and dance around him whooping. The other part — whose firm, still voice had the power to silence twenty braves on a peyote trip — stepped forward, adjusted her white gloves and suggested it might be prudent in a person with a mind like a colander to attach herself to a promising young man (who looked like William Holden) with a mind like an electric can opener."

And listen to Alice, Arden's lover talk about her marriage:

"In those days it was expected that a Radcliffe woman should speak with determination and equally well understand she would ultimately do as she was directed."

A truly funny and charming short novel about love, the pursuit of happiness wherever, and the power of earthquakes, both literal and emotional.

MANY YEARS ago in a strange, far-off land called Los Angeles, I finished a horrible book called *The Exorcist*, and thought, "Gee. A twelve-year-old masturbating with a crucifix. That's gonna be a pretty tough act to follow." Tough, maybe. Impossible? Never.

William Peter Blatty has written a sequel to *The Exorcist*. His new novel is called *Legion*, and in twelve pages we are treated to the crucifixion of a twelve-year-old, mute black boy with "three inch, carpenter's ingots pounded through the top of his skull in a circle, penetrating dura and finally brain." Next on the bill is the decapitation of a Catholic priest, murdered, "in the box while in the act of hearing someone's confession." Yes, friends and neighbours, religion can be heady, stuff, but you ain't seen nothin' yet.

Blatty's bloodied tumbrel rolls from the church to a hospital where another priest is removed from our temporal existence by having his blood taken; all of it. Beside the

Cascades of blood

LEGION by William Peter Blatty. London, Collins. 252 pp. £8.95.

Richard Penniman

priest's hospital bed, "on a tray cart, were twenty-two specimen jars arranged neatly in symmetrical rows. They contained Father Dyer's entire blood supply." You think that's cute? Do you have your airline sickness bag in place? In that very same hospital, "young Nurse Amy Keuling was discovered in an empty room in Neurology. Her torso had been slit open, her organs removed, and her body — before being sewn back up — had been stuffed with light switches." Nurse Amy sure, "sings the body electric," now, doesn't she, folks!

In a more innocent age (1963),

Danny Kaye starred in a minor key, comedy vehicle, *The Man From The Diners Club*; screenplay by Bill Blatty. One decade later, Blatty's first name had blossomed into William Peter and his bank account had swollen ridiculously from the lion's share of \$90,000,000 raked in from the film version of *The Exorcist* (he was both producer and screenwriter). Blatty's new novel is an obvious and understandable attempt to repeat that kind of gargantuan, financial excess that can only come from discovering the Hope Diamond in your Crackerjack box, or from a world-wide, celluloid blockbuster.

WHETHER *Legion* will reach, and then stay on the best-seller list for over a year, like *The Exorcist*, is doubtful, but that doesn't mean a

movie won't be made of it. The book's protagonist is a Jewish homicide detective named Kinderman, "with a face like a beagle; the oversized, tattered grey tweed coat; the rumpled trousers, baggy and cuffed; the limp, felt hat, in the band a feather plucked from some mottled, disreputable bird."

Blatty's style of padding is philosophical rather than descriptive. He has Kinderman constantly wandering off into pseudo-mystical anterooms and beginning theological disputations with himself.

"God's love burned with a fierce dark heat but gave no light. Were there shadows in his nature? Was he brilliant and sensitive but bent? After all was said and done was the answer to the mystery no more than that God was really Leopold and Loeb? Or could it be that he was closer to being a putz than anyone heretofore had imagined, a Being of stupendous but limited power? The detective envisioned such a God in court pleading, 'Culpy with an ex-

planation, Your Honor.' The theory had appeal. It was rational and obvious and certainly the simplest that suited all the facts. But Kinderman rejected it out of hand and subordinated logic to his intuition, as he had in so many of his homicide cases. 'I did not come into this world to sell William of Occam door-to-door,' he had often been heard to tell baffled associates or even, on one occasion, a computer. 'My hunch, my opinion,' he would always say. And he felt that way now about the problem of evil. Something whispered to his soul that the truth was staggering and somehow connected to 'Original Sin; but only by analogy and dimly.'"

I assure you that the above quote makes every bit as much sense in context as it does out. And there are so many to choose from. And that's what you get: catechisms sprinkled with Yiddish from a slumped of a Jewish *mensch*, interspersed with waterfalls of blood cascading down the page.

SOMEONE has quipped that the way you plan a new town in England is to put up a Marks & Spencer branch and a pub, then build the rest around it. That's the way the country looks, at least to the five-woman consumer press delegation from Tel Aviv with whom I recently toured the great stores of England. We visited various shopping centres in London and the historic town of Bath, and everywhere found the familiar M & S logo. It's on the high street of virtually every town in the U.K., where there are 262 Marks & Spencer stores, and there are branches in Ireland, France, Belgium and Canada.

One aspect which never fails to impress the visitor from Israel is the ease with which you can return any M & S merchandise at any branch, wherever purchased, so long as the sales tags are on and you have the receipt. Cash is refunded — no questions asked. Members of our group took to carrying around a green-and-gold store-bag with some M & S items that needed refunding just in case we encountered a branch on our busy day's touring — and we invariably did.

The reason it is often necessary to exchange M & S merchandise is that the stores have no fitting rooms, except in Paris where even M & S couldn't resist the pressure to allow in-store try-ons. In Britain, the stores don't even have lavatory facilities for customers. Some people resort to buying something, dashing to a nearby department store, using its powder room for a quick try-on, and then running back to M & S for a refund if it doesn't fit.

Virtually every Israeli visitor to London visits a Marks & Spencer store — most likely the flagship branch at Marble Arch, which is in *The Guinness Book of Records* for taking in more money per square metre than any other store in the world. But few visitors have the opportunity we did to go behind the scenes at Baker Street headquarters, meet with prominent members of the management, and get a chance to see how the quality-testing laboratories work.

THAT WE WERE given a royal welcome is perhaps not surprising, in view of the special relationship between Marks & Spencer and Israel. Some 25 per cent of all our exports to Britain are sold through M & S. And while the chain prides itself on the fact that over 90 per cent of its merchandise is made in the U.K., Israeli production accounts for over half of what it does import.

Our red-carpet reception included mid-morning coffee not once, but twice, in gold-rimmed porcelain cups and saucers — first at our meeting with Ismar Glasman, senior consultant in textile technology in the "colour room." Here, the fluorescent lighting exactly duplicates that in the stores, so that fabric colours can be selected scientifically. The 16 components of a ladies' black bra pasted on a white canvas could have been displayed in a modern museum of art.

Glasman noted that Chaim Weizmann had an influence on his friends Simon Marks and Israel Sieff in their business enterprise as well as in their leadership of British Zionism, convincing them that they should apply the scientific approach to the production of the goods they were ordering for their stores. That approach persists to the present day, when M & S has 300 technologists in the textile and food fields. "We toured the laboratories where textiles are rigorously tested

Buying British



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

on instruments, some of which look as though they came out of a medieval torture chamber.

OUR SECOND cup of coffee and round of conversation came, in another posh conference room, with Martin Mendoza, a senior executive in the export department and chairman of the British-Israel Chamber of Commerce, and with Ronny Jacobson, export accounts manager. Jacobson concentrated on the food field, which is less well-known to the tourist shoppers, who focus their attention mainly on clothing. I was surprised to learn that nearly 40 per cent of the chain's sales today are in foods.

The current emphasis is on "chilled" rather than frozen foods, and the art is to keep them displayed at temperatures just above freezing-point. This is a more economical storage method than deep-freezing, we were told, and is M & S's preferred way of selling a wide line of ready-to-serve "recipe" dishes. These range from traditional British fare such as "bubble and squeak" (potatoes, vegetables and meat — usually leftovers in the home-made version) and "load-in-the-hole" (sausages in a batter casing) to more exotic Indian, Chinese, French and Italian dishes. Late-afternoon shoppers in the food departments are apt to encounter nearly empty shelves in these chilled lines, not because of bad planning but because the policy of daily deliveries and not overstocking.

ALL GOODS sold in Marks & Spencer stores carry the St. Michael brand name — after the firm's founder, Michael Marks, a Polish Jewish refugee who set up Marks' Penny Bazaar in Leeds in 1884. Spencer was Thomas Spencer, Marks' partner in the early years. The present chairman of the firm is Michael Marks' grandson Marcus. Lord Sieff of Brimpton, the vice-chairman is Michael Sacher, another grandson of the founder.

M & S — popularly known as

Marks and Sparks — does not manufacture anything itself. But it is intimately involved in the manufacturing processes of its suppliers, from the choice of raw materials to the final quality-testing. Martin Mendoza explained how the firm chooses its suppliers: "If someone comes to us with a sample suitcase of goods, we don't even want to see what's inside. We're interested in the person himself — in our personal chemistry with him."

If the firm finds a common language with the prospective supplier, it will work with him on developing a suitable line of merchandise for its stores. This is the way it developed its ties with so many Israeli manufacturers, particularly in the textile field, starting back in the early '60s. It is M & S policy to remain faithful to its "family" of suppliers, so long as this is economically possible.

For instance, despite the recent flap about M & S threatening to cut its ties with Ata, Mendoza told us, "We're still buying from Ata — and will continue to do so if the company can provide us goods under the proper terms. We think the current problems will be solved. Ata is perfectly capable of doing it right."

MENDOZA stressed that M & S's connection with Israeli suppliers is not based on charity or Zionism, although he admits that his company is "a little more sympathetic" to Israeli companies than to those of other countries. But their products must still be "commercial and correct" if they are to gain and maintain acceptance at M & S. Some Israeli industries, particularly in textiles and foods, "are among the best in the world," he told us, and Israeli firms are strong in research and development.

Where we Israelis fall down completely, Mendoza contends, is in the field of international marketing. Whereas other foreign firms, such as Heinz or Nestlé, "come knocking at our doors," Israeli firms generally do not. This is where the M & S special initiative vis-à-vis Israel

comes in: "M & S pushes on your manufacturers' doors. That is why we have succeeded so well with Israeli products." He suggests that Israeli firms would do well to put non-executive directors from Britain on their boards, to advise on international marketing techniques.

One way M & S helps push Israeli goods into the world spotlight is by maintaining an "Israel Room" at its Baker Street headquarters. On display are goods from all the local manufacturers of textiles, foods and cosmetics, about 20 in all — with which M & S does business. They include several of the Polgat group and Agrexco for fresh agriculture products. Visiting representatives of foreign firms are taken on a tour of the Israel Room, and M & S prides itself on the fact that many a business deal between an Israeli manufacturer and some non-British store had its origins there.

FOR THE ISRAELI visitor, the most frustrating feeling is seeing Israeli-made goods being sold at prices lower than we can buy them at home. As I mentioned last week, there are several reasons given for this — export incentives; the tremendous purchasing power of M & S; the lower efficiency of Israeli retailers, and the sorry fact that, within Israel, manufacturers and retailers take higher profit margins because they know the public will stand for higher prices.

Mendoza told us M & S's simple pricing policy: Take the cost price, add the VAT, then an average of 30 per cent markup. (It's a bit higher, 33 per cent, on ladies' wear, a bit lower, only 26 per cent, on children's wear.) Since it costs M & S about 18 per cent of the selling price to run the business, the firm is left with a 12 per cent profit. In the fiscal year ending March 31, 1983, M & S's balance sheet showed a net profit after taxation of £135.2 million.

One striking difference in business habits between here and there is the M & S policy of paying its bills to its suppliers *within seven days*. Israeli chains have been screaming lately that if they are not able to continue getting 90 days' credit from their suppliers, they will be forced to raise prices to consumers by 20 per cent.

To be honest, I must add that I heard one criticism of the M & S quick payment policy from a London woman who is trying to break into the commercial field with her own line of natural food products and candies. She contends that while M & S may pay its large suppliers promptly, it is not so good to small newcomers, who have to wait months for their money — or so she claims.

YOU DON'T have to go to England to buy Marks & Spencer goods. The firm is the U.K.'s largest exporter of clothing. Here in Israel, you can find its products in the special M & S sections of the larger Hamashbir Lezarchan department stores around the country.

However, to someone just back from London, it is almost heartbreaking to read the price tags on the St. Michael garments and cosmetics at Hamashbir. Everything costs a little more than twice what it costs in Britain. Some of the difference is understandably accounted for by shipping costs, customs duties and other local taxes, and Israel's higher profit margins. Some of Hamashbir's St. Michael merchandise is actually made in Israel but this should be identifiable from the labels. Hamashbir insists that such goods

generally come to it directly from the local factories and are not shipped to England and back again though this may happen on rare occasions, it admits.

If you can hold out until January, the Hamashbir chain will be having a 15 per cent sale on all its St. Michael goods.

One place locally where you may find bargains in surplus Israeli goods produced for M & S is at the direct outlet stores of the Polgat group. I went to look just after my return, and found a few items with the St. Michael label. They may not be as cheap as in London, but they are good value in Israeli terms. In Tel Aviv, the Polgat store is on Petah Tikva Road, just below the overhead pedestrian bridge.

IT WOULD BE impossible to write about a visit to M & S headquarters without mentioning the remarkable working conditions of the chain's employees — so tempting that one of my colleagues joked, "Where can we apply for a job?" Staffers at all branches can get hot meals at token prices (15 pence — or about 20 shekels), low-cost hairdressing services, free doctor and dentist consulting visits, chiropody services at nominal fees, and free breast and cervical screening for female staffers and the wives of male employees. There is a profit-sharing scheme for those with five years' seniority, a non-contributory pension scheme and Christmas bonuses for everyone. Salaries are comparatively high for Britain, when the average is about double those in Israel's real terms. M & S employees are non-unionized, Mendoza told us, "not because we object to anyone joining a union, but because they don't feel a need for it."

ANOTHER excellent place to shop is one of the 21 John Lewis department stores throughout the U.K., including a big one right on London's Oxford Street. The chain built its reputation to a large extent on housewares, particularly household textiles. It manufactures its own brand of fabrics, and clothing, called Jonelle and its electrical appliance department may also be of interest to the Israeli visitor.

"Never knowingly undersold" is the John Lewis slogan — and it has very practical applications for the shopper. If you buy something at John Lewis, and then find the identical product cheaper anywhere else in the country John Lewis will refund the difference.

The other interesting fact about the John Lewis Partnership (which includes the department stores and the Waitrose supermarkets) is that it is a cooperative — "an industrial democracy, the largest in Europe and perhaps in the world," in the words of the Oxford Street store's general manager, Bill Melly, who received us cordially and explained how it works.

Every one of the 26,000 employees is a cooperative member, with a say in the business through elected branch and central councils. They are safe from takeover, as there are no shares sold on the Stock Exchange; all are held in trust for the workers. In addition, to salaries based on market rates and merit pay for good performance, each worker gets an annual "partnership bonus" as his share of the profits. The record bonus amounted to 24 per cent on top of the annual salary, and the lowest Melly could recall was 11 per cent.

MARTHA MEISELS

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1983

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